The Persian Excursion and After

RECEIVED
MAY 1980
BALDWIN-WALLACE COLLEGE
RITTER LIBRARY

THE NEW REPUBLIC

T44017RITZZZZFH TNR 1080
RITTER LIB PERIODICALS
BALDWIN WALLACE COLL
BEREA, OH 44017

May 10, 1980 Price One Dollar

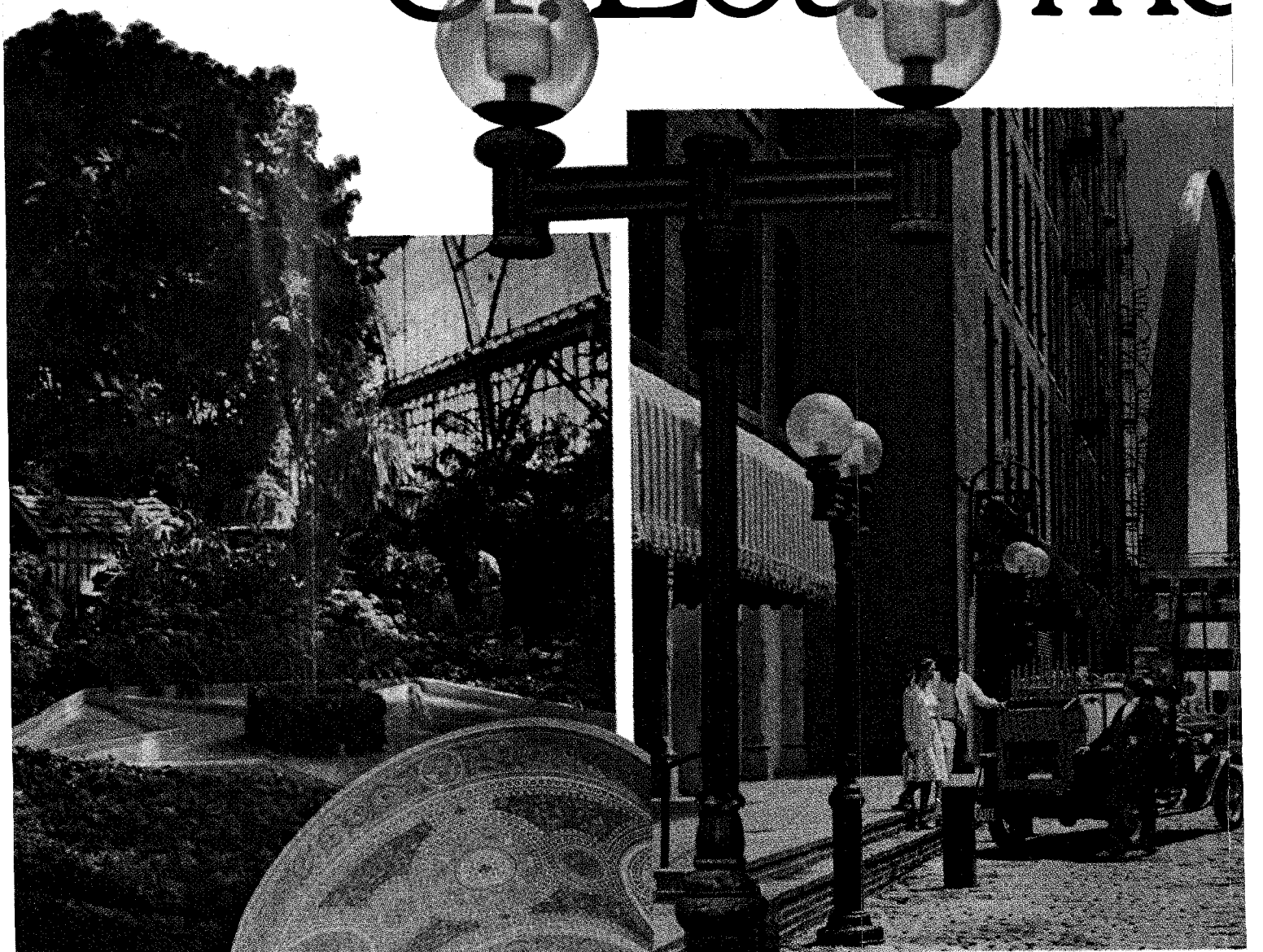
Oriana Fallaci • James Fallows • Leslie Gelb

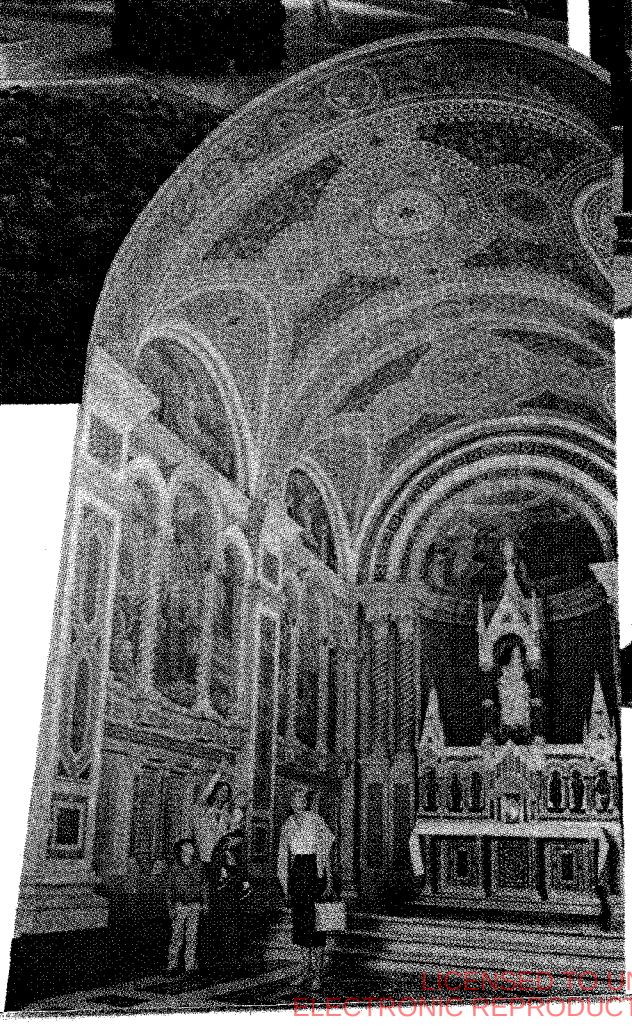
Nicholas von Hoffman • TRB • The Editors

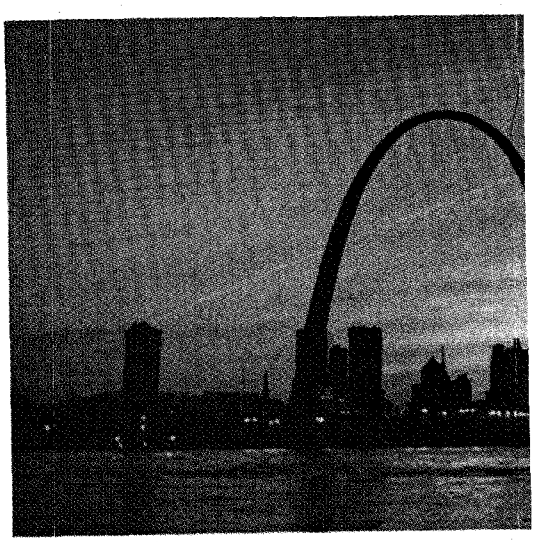
COPYRIGHT (C) 2012 ProQuest LLC
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

This is one of our hometowns: St. Louis, Mo.

St. Louis me

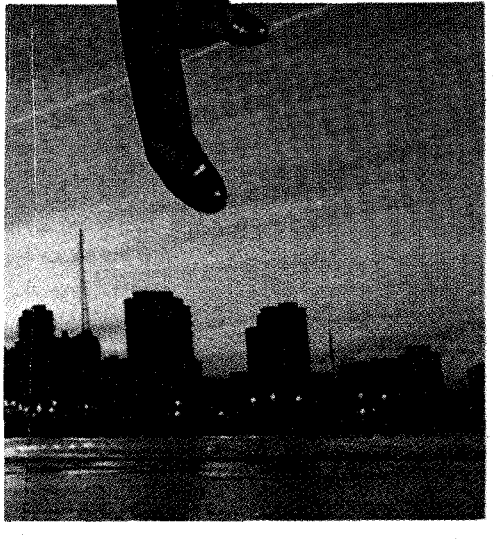






LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ans business.



The French fur trading businessmen who started it all in 1764 had a keen eye for trade and a trust in tradition. So they picked a great spot for doing business and named it, out of their own traditions, for an enterprising saint-on-horseback who was also willing to adventure.

Modern St. Louis still means business. It is our nation's busiest inland port, second largest rail center and, though it ranks just 12th in population, stands 4th among our cities as the hometown of America's top companies.

And modern St. Louisans still treasure their old and newer traditions. Ragtime and riverboats, gaslight and cobblestones, a Farmers Market bulging with fruits and vegetables and a jewel-like floral conservatory lavish with flowers and plants testify to a native love of the good things of life, old and new. The faith that inspired the first settlers now glows from a hundred million pieces of mosaic, each lovingly placed by hand, the largest display in the Western Hemisphere, in the New Cathedral. And over it all soars the gleaming Gateway Arch, the tallest man-made monument in America, and a magnet to visitors from across the country and around the world.

If you go—for business or just for fun—we hope you'll toast the town with a glass of our 7UP because St. Louis is also the hometown of that famous brand of ours, a drink we like to think of as part of the modern "Spirit of St. Louis."

Philip Morris Incorporated

Good people make good things.

Makers of Marlboro, Benson & Hedges 100's, Merit, Parliament Lights, Virginia Slims and Multifilter; Miller High Life Beer, Lite Beer and Löwenbräu Special and Dark Special Beer; 7 UP and Diet 7 UP.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

TRB

from Washington
May 10, 1980

Pole to Pole

Fountains splash in Lafayette Square, birds sing, clouds scud, and the azaleas are flaming around General Jackson's prancing horse. Across Pennsylvania Avenue tourists peer through the iron rails; a batch of tripods on the verdant lawn wait for the after-conference dash of news interpreters. Inside the pressroom camera lights and body heat have created a jungle. The thunder-clap excitement has been building for a week—slam! slam! slam!—new developments, the heroic rescue attempt that failed, the resignation of Secretary of State Vance, comings and goings, national humiliation, and now this: suddenly Maine's senator Edmund Muskie is picked to replace Vance.

Muskie grins like a Cheshire cat. Carter brings him out; he's one of eight along with Walter Mondale. Yes, there's Vance himself, gentle and moderate; in the rear line is Zbigniew Brzezinski, national security adviser and hawk who clashed with dovish Vance. But now Pole faces Pole. Muskie's father, the tailor of Rumford, Maine, was Marchiszewski until the immigration officer shortened it on the entrance card. The single woman in a simple dark dress is Jane Muskie. She doesn't smile; what is she thinking? It was she that ruffian New Hampshire publisher Bill Loeb editorially smeared on February 25, 1972, as "Big Daddy's Jane" (Loeb called her husband "Moscow Muskie"); she had been too flip with reporters on the press bus, Loeb reported.

Copyright 1980 by The New Republic, Inc. (ISBN 0028-6583). Item g. Second class postage paid at Washington, DC, and additional mailing offices.

Now Carter says nice things. Muskie responds. He has the loose, casual charm of Snoopy the beagle; but no, he is too big for that; he stands six-feet-four. Muskie will remind some of a Maine moose. They are big and loose and have a good deal of reserve power. And they sometimes lose their cool if challenged. That is a dangerous trait in a secretary of state. I stood under him in Manchester, New Hampshire, in February 1972 when presidential aspirant Muskie stood on a flatbed truck with the snow coming down and whitening his curly hair. He denounced publisher Loeb and the *Union Leader* newspaper whose brick building stood behind him, and broke down. His voice was level enough as he started, with a couple of "liars," but his voice changed when he came to his wife. His face contorted and he choked three times in three minutes. He rubbed his deeply lined face with his hand. A friend tapped his shoulder; Muskie tried again and stopped. The crowd stood silent; two homemade signs on sticks from the Canucks wagged in embarrassment: "Nous Aimons Muskie."

He didn't weep; it was the melting snow. "Maybe I've said all I should on it," he said finally. The harm was done, though; he wasn't front-runner any more. Professionals across the country were appalled at what they considered a loss of control.

Muskie was the boy who bathed once a week in a tin tub heated on the kitchen stove, and who ran for vice president with Hubert Humphrey. He was the man picked twice by his party to make radio replies to Nixon, and again to answer Ford's State of the Union address in 1976. His replies were quiet and powerful. He has several big advantages for the Carter administration. He has political assets. He has an appeal to the ethnic vote, and he also will get confirmed easily by his Senate peers without a public trial on the hostage-rescue fiasco. He joins Mondale in the administration as a Washington and congressional insider, something Carter badly (if not desperately) needs. He may even do pretty well in foreign affairs. Diplomats will find that he has a good deal of authority. An awed staff member once said of him as he faced down a heckler, "Jeez, he's got a glare that would shut up Mount Rushmore!"

On the other hand, Muskie has not been too successful in making the new congressional budget mechanism work. It is a wonderful device in theory, but Muskie's opponent is always powerful, learing Russell Long of Louisiana, chairman of the Finance Committee, with all those oil companies to look after. Muskie has barely held his own. Now his adversary in foreign affairs may be Brzezinski and they may be Poles apart.

When the hostage rescue mission failed I think Carter should have gone at once to the Oval Office and told the nation about it face to face, in detail and at some length, in a full-scale broadcast. The adventure failed but it was not ignoble. His initial prepared text was abrupt and stunning and the situation was hard to grasp. Carter preferred to wait for a press conference last week to give the story in question-and-answer form, and on the whole he was effective.

Carter, however, is only so-so as a communicator, yet communication is the very essence of presidential leadership. The polls show the public automatically responded to the president as it always does in a foreign crisis, but this surge may be short-lived. The question is whether the administration has its priorities right. Isn't the real problem Afghanistan and Russia, not the 50 or so Americans outrageously held prisoner in a country that seems to be coming apart at the seams? Unless American hostages are released by May 17 (they won't be) America and its allies will apply the new range of sanctions which amount to a near-total trade embargo. The hostages are important but should not be made the pivot of America's foreign policy.

Furthermore, military pressure, and perhaps sanctions, play into the hands of religious fanatics who prefer martyrdom to settlement. Rival student groups riot at Iranian universities; Kurdish guerrillas attack in the West; Iraq employs armed pressure; President Bani-Sadr vainly tries to control Moslem clerical rivals. The gloomy ayatollah looks down. It is out of the Middle Ages. All America has is its atomic bomb.

In the late 15th century a holy mystic took over Florence. His name was Savonarola. It was 1498 and the Medici dynasty had collapsed. He was hailed as a spiritual guide in the city-state. He was a bigot and fanatic; he had no humor at all. He was a politician-priest who would not hold public office. Parading mobs supported him. Then after a while the people got tired of him. So perhaps did God. . . . Even ayatollahs become vulnerable in time.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Correspondence

Zelda and Zen

To the editors:

Someday, if *TNR* has the space and Malcolm Cowley has the time, I'd be interested in an elucidation of the following lines from Cowley's review of *The Correspondence of F. Scott Fitzgerald* (*TNR*, April 19): "Zelda hadn't that discipline, or any other, but in one way she preserved a moral superiority over Scott. That was because she had less self-consciousness; most of the time she simply acted where Scott saw himself acting; she did not think of consequences."

Simply acting, acting without thought for the consequences, constitutes a moral superiority? I hope you can keep this kind of kidding or Zen or whatever it is contained to the back half of the magazine.

Chip Van Wert
Denver, Colorado

Talking Turkey

To the editors:

Constantine Menges's article, "The Turkish Opening" (*TNR*, March 22) argues that, due to Turkey's economic troubles, her allies, ignoring their own interests, should use any assistance they may provide to Turkey as a means of supporting Greek claims and pressuring Turkey to give in to them. All this boils down to Menges's apparent belief that Turkey should give in to whatever is demanded from her, no matter what the nature and justifiability of the Greek demands may be.

Unfortunately, Menges is not above falsifications to further his views. For example, he argues that there is an opportunity "to bring back both Turkey and Greece into the NATO fold." The reality is that Turkey is not only "in the NATO fold" but is its second largest military contributor, after the US. It is Greece that quit the NATO military integration, it is Greece that needs to be brought back "into the NATO fold," and it is Greece that is impeding her own return by making demands contrary to the concept of integrated military command, and retarding the ongoing negotiations between herself and the alliance for this purpose. As regards Cyprus, Menges ignores the fact that Turkish troops are on the island solely to safeguard the existence of the Turkish Cypriot community living there under imminent threats of extinction at the hands of the numerically stronger Greek community. He makes no mention that these will be withdrawn within the context of a solution. By advocating compensations for losses suffered since 1974, he conveniently forgets that Turkish Cypriot sufferings and losses date from 1963, when they were killed and driven out of their homes by a merciless Greek onslaught. The Cyprus issue in reality dates from 1963, not 1974, as the Greek propagandists would like us all to believe.

Menges's elaborations of a military takeover in Turkey, of separatist tendencies and Shiite Islamic radicalism is just that, maybe even wishful thinking. Just like the expectation visible in the Western press and still being kept alive by anti-Turkish circles that Turkey would follow Iran in an upheaval, all the above contradict the realities and are directed to damage the Turkish image.

I wish to stress that there is one welcome aspect of the article; the suggestion of exchanges between the two countries with the defined purpose of improving their relationship, for Turkey has ever since 1923—when the Lausanne Treaty covering the entire scope of the Turko-Greek relationship and striking a just balance between the two countries was signed—always held the view that Greece and Turkey must cooperate and that such cooperation would be to their mutual benefit.

Ahmet Ersoy, Press Counselor
The Turkish Embassy
Washington, DC

Constantine Menges replies:

My essential point was that Turkey should be given massive economic help and that this could provide the incentive and opportunity for a fair settlement of Cyprus and other issues. Turkey has opposed the military participation of Greece in NATO. My reference to bringing "both back into the NATO fold" meant that until Greece returns and both military establishments really work together on the problems of common defense, there is a large gap in the NATO line.

I agree with Mr. Ersoy that the Cyprus tragedy dates back to 1963, and has claimed Turkish as well as Greek Cypriot victims. My article acknowledged this mutuality of injury by suggesting that an agreement should include compensation "to both Turkish and Greek Cypriots."

It was the Turkish military that publicly warned the political leaders that their continued failure to cope with leftist terrorism and the economic crisis might require another coup. Far from being "wishful thinking," my description of the internal violence as due in large part to a "Soviet drive for dominance" reflects my wish that Turkish democracy will overcome the current challenges.

Constantine C. Menges
Washington, DC

Bloodless journalism

To the editors:

Stephen Chapman's critique of James Reston's increasingly fuzzy work ("Reston on His Laurels," *TNR*, April 19) was reassuring to those of us who had lapsed into molar-grinding impatience with the absence of challenging ideas in this once strong column. Have we fallen prey to the post-Watergate journalistic nastiness that makes all reporting today seem bloodless if it isn't either hyping or ridiculing?

No. Chapman is right. The kindly gentleman of the old school has grown predictable. Reston, September 14, 1980: " . . . brown patches are showing in the well tended lawns of Chevy Chase where in Spring's first flush tender shoots of Bermuda had struggled against dandelion roots. The guess here is that more people are wondering whether Willie Stargell's sizzling bat will hold up than are debating President Carter's new moves to obtain the release. . . . "

Clay Edmunds
New York, New York

To the editors:

I've most often admired Stephen Chapman's writing in *The New Republic*, so I feel not a twinge of personal animus in not admiring most of his assessment of James Reston.

All of us—in past and present—both in journalism and public life owe a debt of gratitude to Reston for his lifelong standards and enterprise and for being responsible for reporting some of the biggest stories, as well as insights, that have governed our lives.

What Chapman egregiously, in this case, overlooks is that some of the most valuable journalists are not diggers or exposers (who are certainly valuable

(continued on page 40)

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE NEW REPUBLIC

A Journal of Politics and the Arts, Vol. 182, No. 19, Issue 3409, May 10, 1980. Published weekly (except the issues of January 5, July 12, August 9, September 13) and distributed by The New Republic, Inc., 1220 19th Street NW, Washington, DC 20036. Phone (202) 331-7494. Single copy, $1.00; Yearly subscriptions, $28; foreign, $31; students, $17.

Indexed in Readers' Guide. The New Republic is available on microfilm from University Microfilms International, 300 N. Zeeb Road, Ann Arbor, Michigan 48106.

Send all remittances and correspondence about subscriptions, undelivered copies and changes of address to Subscription Service Department, The New Republic, P.O. Box 705, Whitinsville, Mass. 01588, or call toll-free (800) 343-6965. Unsolicited manuscripts are welcome, but cannot be considered or returned unless accompanied by a stamped, self-addressed envelope.

Cover: drawing by Jan Drews. Derived from the most celebrated rarity among US postal issues, the 24-cent airmail stamp with the inverted Curtiss "Jenny," issued May 14, 1918 (pictured below).

Remember!
***The New Republic* now has**
TOLL-FREE SERVICE!

for the speedy handling of your subscription questions and orders.

Call **(800) 343-6965** (Massachusetts subscribers call collect (617) 278-2191) 9:00 a.m. - 4:30 p.m. EST.

You can use our toll-free number to:

- Renew or extend your current subscription
- Enter a new subscription order
- Report a change of address
- Report any subscription service problem

Note: To assist our operators in the timely processing of your inquiry, please have a recent *TNR* mailing label, invoice or renewal notice at hand when calling.

Call us! It's convenient and it's free.

Contents

TRB from Washington	4	Pole to Pole
	5	Correspondence
Comment	7	The Jimmy Carter Desert Classic
Oriana Fallaci	9	Iran Diary, 1980
Leslie Gelb	13	The Vance Legacy
Nicholas von Hoffman	15	ABC Held Hostage
James Fallows	17	Zbig Without Cy
James Ring Adams	19	The New Labor Monopoly
		Books and the Arts
Stanley Kauffmann	24	Films: Aldrich to Zanussi
Robert Coles	26	Flannery O'Connor's *Wise Blood*
Gar Alperovitz and Jeff Faux	28	*Decade of Decision* by Michael Harrington
Barry Goldensohn	30	Poem: "Map of the World, Martin Frobisher, 1578"
Oscar Handlin	32	*At Odds* by Carl N. Degler
Nicholas Lemann	34	*The Ultimate Tyranny* by Eugene McCarthy
Terrence Des Pres	36	*The Missing Years* by Walter Laqueur
James Wolcott	38	*This Life* by Sidney Poitier
	39	Brief Review:
Nicholas Delbanco		*The Delphinium Girl* by Mark Smith
Washington Diarist	43	Cheap Thrills

Staff

Editor-in-Chief and Publisher—*Martin Peretz*
Editor—*Michael Kinsley*
Managing Editor—*Russ Hoyle*
Literary Editor—*Jack Beatty*
Executive Editor—*Morton M. Kondracke*
Senior Editor—*John Osborne*
Staff Writer—*Stephen Chapman*
Films—*Stanley Kauffmann*
Theater—*Robert Brustein*
Poetry Editor—*Robert Pinsky*
Production Manager—*Dorothy Wickenden*
Assistant Literary Editor—*Ann Hulbert*
Assistant Production Manager—*Lisa Derman*
Assistant to the Editors—*Judith Larkin*
Contributing Editors—*Robert Coles, Henry Fairlie, Paul Fussell, Joseph Featherstone, Nathan Lewin, Roger Morris, Joyce Carol Oates, Paul Robinson, Tad Szulc, Michael Walzer, Leon Wieseltier*

General Manager and Associate Publisher—*Robert A. Cohen*
Assistant Publisher—*Bart Rubenstein*
Circulation Manager—*Patricia Hardee*
Assistant Circulation Manager—*Dara Buckner*
Business Manager—*Rhonda Davis Schoem*
Assistant Business Manager—*J. Kristine Klasman*
Rights and Permissions—*Yvonne Anthony*
Advertising Manager—*Joan M. Stapleton*
Advertising Representative—*Bonnie Perkel, 50 East 42nd St., Room 513, New York, NY 10016 (212) 599-3070*
Classified Advertising Manager—*Theresa Miller*
Leadership Network Advertising—*Robert F. Sennott Jr., New York (212) 682-4500*
Receptionist—*Ruby McGowan*
Staff Associate—*David Seideman*

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE NEW REPUBLIC

May 10, 1980

The Jimmy Carter Desert Classic

President Carter's absurd lie about why he is now coming out of the White House to campaign does not obscure the truth, which is this: partly by incompetence and partly out of cynicism, Carter allowed the Iran hostage crisis to become the dominant issue of American political life. Carter was incompetent in permitting the television networks to set the agenda of political discourse. He was cynical in using Iran as an excuse for not going out on the campaign trail, where he might have to engage Senator Kennedy in open debate. Carter's tactic worked for six months, serving to divert attention from his many other failures. But lately Carter's failure to resolve the crisis has begun costing him support. And so, suddenly, the president has announced that he can campaign now because the crisis is "alleviated to some degree." Alleviated? Following our failed attempt to rescue them, the hostages have been dispersed around Iran, leaving them even more isolated and endangered than they were before. Meanwhile, the botched rescue mission has cost Carter his secretary of state, the unsettling of America's allies, and further diminution of America's reputation as a competent military power. It has also strengthened the influence of the Soviet Union and various radical forces in the world.

None of this is to say that we disapprove of a commando raid to rescue the hostages. In principle, we believe such a rescue attempt should have been made much earlier—as soon as the men and equipment were ready and the minute it became clear that Iran's rulers were unwilling to return the hostages forthwith. If another rescue attempt tomorrow appeared to have a reasonable chance of success, we would support it. Iran has committed an illegal act against the United States—an act of war, in fact—and the United States is fully within its rights to take military action against Iran if it chooses. A military action whose mission is liberation of innocent hostages needs no apology whatever.

But whether Carter's particular rescue operation on April 24 should be praised or condemned is beyond our ability to judge at this point. Too much about it is still secret for us to know whether it failed because of bad planning or simply bad luck. The only way the country ever will be able to pass judgment on Carter's decisions is for Congress to investigate the failure thoroughly. We concur with the administration that it had no obligation to inform Congress in advance of the operation. To protect security, it had an obligation *not* to let the word out to every committee chairman who might deem himself entitled to know. But now that the operation is over and a failure, the administration ought to disclose to relevant congressional committees the reasons why. If legitimate secrets are involved—if the CIA really has a psychogenic drug that could have immobilized everyone in the embassy compound, or if there still are US agents hiding in Tehran—then the committees obviously should conduct their inquiries behind closed doors and then issue a sanitized report. Up to now, however, the administration has refused to cooperate even with committees whose members normally have access to the nation's most highly classified information. The committees are being given

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

no more information than administration spokesmen are disclosing officially to the press and public. Maybe there is a case to be made for keeping much of this information secret, but then the case should be made straightforwardly. In the meantime, the administration is unofficially leaking buckets of data to the press, seemingly to convince the public that but for the technical failure of some helicopters and an unfortunate crash in the desert, President Carter would have gotten our hostages out.

There are still too many questions about the operation that raise suspicions about its planning and its chances of success. Why were only eight helicopters sent on the mission when a minimum of six were required, and when the rule of thumb in military operations is that, with helicopters, you double the number to make sure you are safe? The Pentagon seems to be mired in contradiction when it says it allowed for a margin of risk in adding two extra helicopters to the mission, but then describes the onerous and unprecedented 500-mile journey and the difficulties of the terrain and atmosphere in which the aircraft had to operate. What about charges, leveled chiefly by military analyst Edward Luttwak, that President Carter personally pared the size of the rescue force to the bare minimum (and perhaps below) in order to minimize risks? What makes Carter and Defense Secretary Brown so confident that the rescue effort would have succeeded once the commandos got to Tehran? According to leaks, the force was to fly from the desert to mountains north of Tehran, land, hide overnight, proceed by truck to Tehran, gain entry to the embassy, disarm the terrorist occupiers, call in the helicopters, fly out to a rendezvous with C-130 transport planes, and then leave Iran. It seems to us that an operation with so many legs would be terribly vulnerable. Trucks or aircraft might be sighted in Tehran, as they were even in the desert. Equipment might fail, as it did on the trip's very first leg. How were commandos going to get into the embassy without a firefight, which would attract attention? How were they going to rescue the three US hostages at the foreign ministry? The questions go on and on. Why should we believe President Carter when he says this operation had a good chance of success? If the Senate Armed Services Committee, with full cooperation from the administration, concludes this was a well-conceived, adequately equipped operation that was merely the victim of fate, we'll believe. Otherwise, no.

In judging the operation, we also need to know the extent the administration calculated the political costs of failure. There obviously have been costs. Our allies were misled about American intentions: a deadline for imposition of economic sanctions was agreed upon that was an alternative to American use of force; then the US went ahead with a military operation anyway. We can understand the embarrassment of allied leaders, but we are not about to lose sleep over it. Had the allies been willing to act forcefully with us earlier against Iran, the crisis would not have continued so long. Besides, the allies will get over their discomfort, as indeed they are doing with their declaration of intent to go ahead with economic sanctions. They surely understand our prerogative to rescue American hostages and the difference between such an operation and an act of destruction or seizure against Iran.

Another cost of the failure has been the diminution of America's reputation for military skill and power. We tried, and that is to the good. Jimmy Carter actually risked lives in pursuit of the national interest—lost eight lives, in fact, breaking a political barrier whose sanctity seemed to keep Carter unable to act with force. We regret the loss of life, of course, but henceforth Carter will not be barred from military action by the hope of maintaining a record for never having lost a life.

Still, we failed, and we are diminished among those who value success more than daring. In Saudi Arabia and much of the third world, probably even in spiritually mesmerized Iran, virtue is ascribed to those who are powerful, not well-meaning. Iranians certainly deem the failure of our operation to be the work of Allah, so that the ayatollah's regime probably will be all the more resolutely anti-American. In some places, we will get credit for planning our raid to insure minimum loss of life among the enemy. In most countries, including the Soviet Union, we are likely to be scorned for failing, regardless of the loss of life.

Even though President Carter said the issues were not related, our failure does raise questions about the overall readiness of American military equipment. Pentagon spokesmen say that these helicopters and airplanes were meticulously maintained by the most highly skilled mechanics on the Armed Forces. If this is the case, and they broke down, what will happen to equipment that is casually cared for? This is another matter for investigation by Congress.

In judging the rescue operation, we also need to know why Secretary of State Vance quit. Was it, as President Carter implied, because Vance is constitutionally opposed to the use of military force under almost any circumstances? Or did Vance think the operation was doomed from the start? Did Vance, perhaps, think that

Coming:

Stephen Chapman on

Why Women Voters Need a League.

•

James Glassman on

Style and the Middle Class Poor.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Carter and National Security Adviser Zbigniew Brzezinski didn't care whether or not the operation had much of a chance?

On the whole, Vance has not been a very effective secretary of state. He has acted as a lawyer in an administration that cried out for a strategist. He sought to break global problems down into nation-sized pieces and sub-pieces that could be negotiated away amicably, when America in fact needed a secretary who could see the problems whole, define long-range objectives, plan diplomatic and military and economic policies that would achieve the objectives, and convince the country to go along. We do not necessarily admire all their policies, but the strong secretaries of state since World War II—Acheson, Marshall, Kissinger—were strategists and leaders. Vance was not one of these. He also suffered from the flaw, possibly owing to traumas suffered during Vietnam-era government service, of being reluctant to use force or risk its use. Vance apparently believed, as lawyers often do, that any dispute is solved better by negotiation than by resort to conflict. That may be true in a society of laws, but not in the international arena, where laws of the jungle still substantially prevail. Cyrus Vance also was a product of the immediate post-World War II era, when the United States was next to omnipotent in the world. He apparently believed we are still strong enough that we can give whenever anyone asks and back off whenever anyone demands. The truth is that we are not that strong and rich any longer, and the nations of the world know it. Cyrus Vance's generosity often was taken for weakness.

Vance made one signal contribution to the Carter administration. He served to resist the domination of foreign policy by Brzezinski, the president's lip-shooting national security adviser. It was Brzezinski who wanted to send a US aircraft carrier to the Red Sea in 1978 because of fighting between Somalia and Ethiopia, although he couldn't answer the question: what does it do when it gets there? Brzezinski was also, paradoxically, the author of the plan to make the Soviet Union a partner in imposing a peace plan on Israel. Brzezinski wanted to tie US policy to the shah of Iran even if it meant we would have to "go up in flames" with the former dictator. And in his most symbolic performance of all, Brzezinski went to the Khyber Pass just after the Soviet invasion of Afghanistan and posed for pictures pointing a machine gun in the direction of Soviet forces. Invited to fire the weapon, he demurred, offering it instead to a soldier, who proceeded to spray bullets around wildly and knock Brzezinski to the ground. It was all too typical of Brzezinski.

We are delighted that Brzezinski was not named secretary of state and that he did not get his second wish—the appointment of a secretary he could dominate. As compared to Vance, Brzezinski has a more realistic view of the Soviet Union and of the necessity for using and risking the use of force. But his imprudence often has led to his defeat in policy circles, and the triumph of the Vance alternative: doing nothing.

In Edmund Muskie, President Carter has named a secretary of state who, we hope, will do battle with Brzezinski, but not merely fight him to a draw. President Carter himself lacks a coherent world view, a sense of global strategy, and a feel for the distinction between what is truly vital in the world and what is merely important. We hope that Muskie somehow has developed those attributes in the Senate. We are not encouraged, though, by his lack of experience in foreign policy and by President Carter's apparent reasons for appointing him. Asked about this at his April 29 press conference, Carter could think of practically nothing but Muskie's record as a domestic politician. Carter seems to have looked for a secretary of state who would win quick Senate confirmation and give his administration a political lift. But that's how this president makes every decision affecting foreign affairs. In spite of this, Muskie's record and reputation suggest he is a man of intelligence, probity, determination and argumentative skills. We hope we judge him accurately.

If he is such a man, we hope he will persuade the president to stop making the Iranian hostage crisis the single dominant preoccupation of American life, hence rendering us all hostages to Iranian whims. We hope Muskie can convince Carter and our allies to work toward complete economic and political isolation of Iran, but desist from a military attack if it is dictated only by politics or desperation. But the military option cannot be foreclosed as long as our diplomats are still held in Tehran. The Iranians should now know that their captives are no longer barter. And since they are no longer barter, their continued imprisonment keeps Iran itself hostage to an unpredictable but increasingly likely military response from the US. By now only the release of our diplomats will avoid this bloody denouement.

Sweating it out in Tehran.

Iran Diary, 1980

April 4. During the entire flight the old woman in the hazel chador had been quiet in her seat across the aisle from mine, allowing herself only occasional glimpses of me. But once we were on the ground, her composure faded. The old woman pointed her forefinger at me and began to yell like crazy. The only word I could make out was "Khomeini! Khomeini!"

Inside the Tehran airport, things were even worse. An angry-looking man with a beard spotted me right away in the crowd, pounced with both hands on my shoulders, grabbed my passport before I could give it to the Police Control, then pulled me out of the

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

drawing of Oriana Fallaci by Vint Lawrence

passengers' line. "Wait here," he commanded. "Don't move." I watched as he slipped away through the crowd, waving my passport over his head as if it were a trophy. The Italian diplomat who had come to assist me had barely the time to say "But. . . ." As I would find out later, the bearded man had placed calls to the Ministry of Foreign Affairs, the Ministry of Information, and the office of the President of the Islamic Republic of Iran to find out if my visa was legitimate. When he returned, he was still unsatisfied, and the hostilities started up again.

"Is this your visa?"

"Yes, it is my visa," I answered. "Don't you see it's stamped on my passport and it bears my name? Don't you read?"

"Yes, I read. Do you read?"

"The name is my name, dammit! It's Oriana Fallaci, are you blind?"

At the hotel, the people who greeted me so warmly when I was here last September are now embarrassed to see me. I cannot blame them. Showing friendship to me might be unwise. And not only for the interview in which I called Khomeini the new tyrant, the new dictator, the new shah of Iran; but also for the war of words that followed. An Iranian women's magazine had attacked me ferociously for the interview, and published a shredded photo of me. I responded in kind to their slanders, abuses, and threats:

> The attack you published against me is typical. All I know about my interview with the shah in Iran is this: during the revolution it was a sacred text. I portrayed him as a maniac and a despot when everybody was painting him as a hero—the Iranian press in particular and your magazine more than anyone else. Fascists always want to settle things with me. I don't have a bodyguard, I don't possess a gun, I don't hide under a chador, and I can be tracked anywhere without difficulty. My addresses are known. Come and get me, I wait. If you have a spark of dignity, don't make a fool of yourself wasting a commando. Come and face my empty hands, one by one. And I promise you that before ending in a hospital, I'll fix you too. . . .

The letter was published with an outraged comment including new threats.

Then I discovered that my Khomeini interview had been falsified and manipulated by the Tehran papers. They had grotesquely distorted a statement I had made about the ayatollah: "one has to admit that he has charisma" had become "his divine light, his glorious immensity by which I was blessed. . . ."

I had been advised not to come back to Iran, not even to ask for a visa. Instead, here I am, in room 1112 of the Intercontinental Hotel. My visa was granted on March 31 at the Iranian Embassy in Rome because I have an appointment on April 11 with Bani-Sadr, first president of the Islamic Republic. The Iranian student who reluctantly made the arrangements delivered the visa, along with a reproach: "Why do you cover your nails with red polish? It isn't decent. It isn't serious."

Not that interviewing Bani-Sadr is a scoop. Anybody can have Bani-Sadr. He meets so many journalists that I wonder where he finds the time to rule his country. His interviews with *Le Monde* have become a regular feature, like gardening columns, theater reviews, or crossword puzzles. Yet the idea of seeing him again amuses me. It was Bani-Sadr who took me to Khomeini and acted as my interpreter. A very fearful interpreter, I must say. Poor Bani-Sadr didn't even dare to breathe; his voice was like the peeping of a chick, his body stiffer than a cudgel. Each time I asked a question he grew pale and started as if I had pricked him with a needle; while translating he perspired as if he were in a sauna. At the end his hair, his face, his shirt, his pants were all bathed in sweat. I thought he would faint. Khomeini really scared him. Will he be able to stand up against Khomeini in this hostage tragedy?

How will he react to my president's message? When I left Rome, President Sandro Pertini asked me to give him a message. I wrote it in short-hand while Pertini was talking: "Give him my warmest regards and recall to him that I was the one who prevented the extradiction of the Iranian students from Italy when the shah wanted them back in October 1978. Tell him that for the same reasons, the same principles, I now advise him to give up the request of handing over the shah. I say to him, to all of them: give up, do not insist, you know very well that the United States cannot hand over the shah, that they never will. Try to be generous, think how generous the Bulgarians were with King

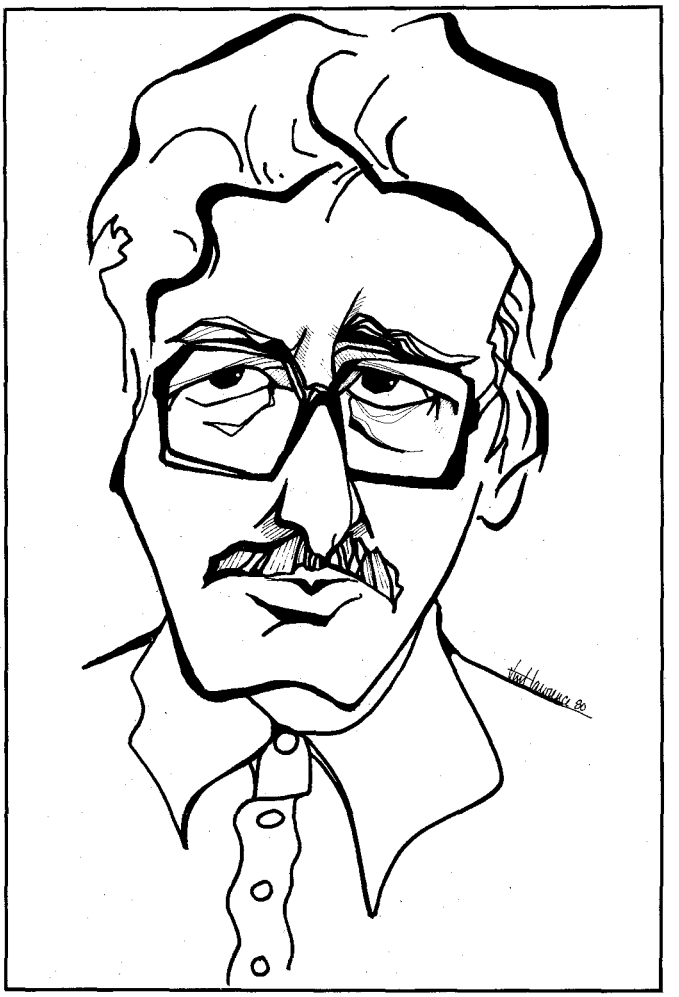
LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Carol when they let him go with a train full of people and things he wanted to bring away. Free the hostages. Something called international rights exists, international rules. He cannot ignore it. No country that wants to be respected can ignore it or deny it. Free the hostages. All the civilized countries condemn the Iranians for this matter, all the world feels indignant and says that they are wrong. All of it, not the West only. Free the hostages. Freeing them you will free yourselves because you are prisoners of this situation as much as they are prisoners of you. You, the new ruling class. Take off the chains that tie up your hands, your feet. You will not be able to rebuild your country, you will not be able to do anything if you don't take off those chains."

But don't make the mistake of thinking that Bani-Sadr counts. He counts for nothing. To realize how impotent he is, how weak, a puppet in the hands of Khomeini, it's enough to read the news in today's papers. The meeting he had last Monday with the representatives of the student jailers to convince them to transfer the hostages did not take place at the Presidential Palace. It took place at the American Embassy. Bani-Sadr didn't receive the students, the students received Bani-Sadr.

April 5. The hostage transfer would be a personal victory for Bani-Sadr, the only way to show the world that he is a leader, the strong man that Iran needs to oppose the almighty Khomeini. Since he has been elected, his personal dignity has been in jeopardy. Despite the promises he's making, he knows he cannot succeed. The head of the Islamic Republican party, Dr. Assan Ayet, has just said that the hostages must remain where they are. He also scorned Bani-Sadr: "Certain people are nothing else but followers of Carter's wish." The students don't even bother with Bani-Sadr. They will do what Khomeini wants. "If he wants us to release them, we will release them," they say. "If he wants us to transfer them, we will transfer them. If he wants us to keep them, we will keep them." Khomeini wants to keep them, it's clear by now. What is not clear is whether he masters the students or the students master him. They seem to me more independent from him than they say, and there is too much red color on that embassy: a red that smells of Tudeh, the Iranian Communist party.

This morning I went there. What impressed me most were the three boys who strolled along the sidewalk guarding the compound. Bearded, clothed in olive uniforms, and practically unarmed. Only one had an automatic rifle; the other two didn't show any weapons. Their movements were the idle, insolent movements of people who feel totally secure, totally protected by something beyond their threat of killing the hostages in case of military action. Their faces were the obtuse, lightless faces of creatures who can kill as easily as I smoke a cigarette because they know that afterward they will not be punished. Why does Bani-Sadr bother to appropriate their language, their arrogance, with statements like the one he gave today to the press? "I asked the Egyptians to depose the traitor Sadat and to hand over the shah to us," he said.



drawing of Bani-Sadr by Vint Lawrence

April 6. It's Easter, as a chocolate egg in the hall of the hotel suggests. The editor of *Ettelaat* has called again. The Foreign Ministry has informed the press that I am here to interview Bani-Sadr, and the telephone has been ringing off the hook. This time the editor offers a press conference at his paper to ask me the questions I will put to Bani-Sadr. It is unbelievable! I wonder if Bani-Sadr is behind it. His fear is as deep as his vanity. When Bani-Sadr confirmed our appointment for the interview through the Italian ambassador, Giulio Tamagnini, he also demanded to read the text before publication. Nobody had ever dared to ask such a thing of me. Not even the shah. Well, let's see. I could begin with Pertini's message. Mr. Bani-Sadr, what is behind your inability to take off those chains? A carefully planned Soviet design, an hysterical freak of Khomeini, the simple fact that some hostage is dead and you don't have the guts to admit it? Mr. Bani-Sadr, as the president of the Iranian Islamic Republic, have you ever considered the possibility of liberating or transferring the hostages by military intervention? Isn't it true that Admiral Alavi was going to do it but the students were informed and so arrested him? Where is Admiral Alavi

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

today, the second most important man of your military? Is he still alive?

Mr. Bani-Sadr, you keep professing to be against both American and Soviet imperialism, yet you blame only the Americans. You rarely attack the Soviet Union. You never seem to remember that the Soviet Union liked the shah very much; you even seem to have forgotten the splendid ermine full-length coat that Stalin sent as a gift to Soraya when she got married to the shah. Mr. Bani-Sadr, is it true that the students holding the hostages have been at Moscow's Lumumba University on scholarships? Why is your disdain for the Soviet occupation of Afghanistan expressed so mildly and cautiously? Why don't you ever speak of the 250,000 Soviet troops that are massed at your borders, circling and enclosing Iran like tongs? Look at this map: 50,000 Soviets are here, west of the Caspian Sea; 80,000 are here, east of the Caspian Sea; 120,000 are here, along the Afghani border. Don't you ever suspect that the Afghanistan occupation was a rehearsal to invade Iran or the preparation of an invasion of Iran? Mr. Bani-Sadr, do you know what Khrushchev used to say? He used to say, "Iran is a rotten pear. You only have to wait until it falls." Don't you realize that the rotten pear is already falling, that maybe it already fell?

I also would like to ask him why he keeps his wife and children in Paris instead of Tehran, where they belong. But Bani-Sadr would never answer with the truth.

April 7. Yesterday the three American priests, two Iranian priests, the apostolic nuncio, Annibale Bugnini, and Archbishop Hilarion Capucci arrived at the embassy with mail and gifts for the hostages. I asked Capucci to see if he could give a hand in asking the students to talk with me. Capucci is the Maronite bishop whom the Israelis arrested for smuggling explosives and ammunitions to the Palestinians. Along with three American priests he has been chosen to celebrate the Easter religious services at the embassy, and he came yesterday morning, accompanied by Archbishop John G. Nolan, president of the Vatican Mission for Palestine. All black-veiled and dressed up in the ecclesiastical vestment, his dark tunic enriched by the golden chain with the pendant of precious amethists, his right hand holding the Pastoral cane, he looked very confident of solving the hostage drama: one would say that he planned to leave Tehran with a couple of released hostages. But when I heard him over the telephone, his voice sounded crushed. He kept saying: "Catastrophique, c'est catastrophique."

drawing by Mike Peters

Relax, what harm could come from letting in one mother? . .

All of the hostages were not shown during their visit. The priests were escorted by the students to three different rooms: in the first room were two of the American priests and Archbishop Bugnini; in the second room, one of the American priests and the two Iranian priests; in the third room, Archbishop Capucci alone. Then, in each room, they were joined by small groups of hostages. With the students and the Iranian TV constantly present, the visit went on for six hours. During those hours, the priests and the hostages exchanged rooms several times. Was this to confuse the visitors and prevent them from counting the persons who were permitted to see, or better to control everybody? Both things, probably, but the fact remains that none of the priests could count the hostages.

Archbishop Capucci alone met with one group of hostages when the other priests had left. There were nine or 10 in this fourth group. Capucci did not count them. Maybe he was too upset. These hostages looked rather depressed. (Only depressed?) I'm sure that the nine or 10 were the ones who have been kept for five months tied up in the embassy basement. Of course all the visitors, Capucci included, will say that no hostage is kept in the basement, no hostage is still tied up. When they see them, they are not in the basement and they are not tied up. But I know this from someone else who knows. Those in the basement are the people considered unmistakably spies, and some of them are or have been recently tied up because they attacked the students. I also know that one of these tried to commit suicide three times. The third time he was so close to death he was taken to the hospital. Did he die? Was he in the fourth group or not?

Maybe my main questions to Bani-Sadr shouldn't be about the hostages or the Soviet Union, two subjects that he knows nothing about. They should be: Mr. Bani-Sadr, don't you think that this story humiliates you even more than the Americans? Mr. Bani-Sadr, when I interviewed Bazargan last September he told me that Iran was impossible to rule because Khomeini wouldn't allow anyone to rule. You scorned Bazargan for those declarations and did everything in your power to eliminate him as prime minister. Aren't you now in exactly the same situation as Bazargan last September? Mr. Bani-Sadr, are you aware that a new verb has been forged for you, the verb "to Bazarganize," and that you are named the Bazarganized Bani-Sadr?; Mr. Bani-Sadr, is a new royal dynasty being created in Iran, the Khomeini dynasty?

After my ambassador called five or six times to establish a time for my interview with Bani-Sadr, Aboghasal Sadegh of the Foreign Ministry finally

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

assured him that the date was still set for Friday, and promised to send a messenger to the hotel with news of the exact time. No messenger came.

April 8. The students told Capucci that they don't even want to hear my name. They hate me ferociously for the interview with Khomeini and for what followed, especially my letter. "If you go near the embassy gates, they open them and get you also. So we get one hostage more, one problem more," he commented. Was he joking or not? I'm afraid not. Days ago, because of me, a young woman from the Italian News Agency was insulted and spat upon by militant girls in chadors. She was in front of the embassy to cover a demonstration and one of them asked, "Whom do you work for?"

"The Italian News Agency," she replied.

"Do you know Oriana Fallaci?"

"Of course," she replied. And it was like lighting a fire. "Fallaci! She is a friend of Oriana Fallaci!" they screamed, waving their fists and their chadors. Then, always repeating my name, they began to push her, to spit at her, to call her a whore, a traitor, an enemy of Iran. She protested in vain. When a couple of men took her away to safety, she was as covered with spittle as Bani-Sadr with sweat that day in Qom.

Today Carter made the decision he should have made 156 days ago: he closed the Iranian Embassy in Washington and expelled the Iranian diplomats. I didn't know whether to laugh or cry when I read that Bani-Sadr commented, "This is an aggression."

Bani-Sadr really looks like Charlie Chaplin with a Hitler mustache, as they say here in Tehran. That sleepy, pathetic face. That shy, confused smile. Those round, melancholy eyes full of resignation. With a touch of arrogance, though. Or of narcissism? His beloved paper *Le Monde* tells us that he has been waiting 30 years to become president of the republic. In fact, he was 17 when he pronounced the prophetic phrase: "Je serai president de la Republique. I shall be president of the Republic." He did not say "Iran will be a Republic." He said "I shall be president of the Republic." *Le Monde* put to him a very sharp, unusual question: "What did you feel when you became president of the Republic?" He answered: "Nothing. Because I knew for 30 years that it would happen. My old mother was very pleased. She always believed in my destiny." My God!

April 9. I called Bani-Sadr's office at eight o'clock this morning and spoke to Bani-Sadr's press secretary. I said that I had heard nothing about my interview with Bani-Sadr and wished to establish a time for the appointment.

"What appointment?" he answered. "President Bani-Sadr will not see you. President Bani-Sadr refuses to see you and people like you who offend Imam Khomeini."

April 10. Today's newspapers are full of tragic news. The Revolutionary Council is ready to declare war on Iraq to keep the three islands Iraq wants back. The students have renewed their threat to kill all the hostages if the United States takes any military action. Iran has agreed with Brother Qaddafi of Libya to cut off oil supplies to the West. Amidst all this is the comic information that the president of the Islamic Republic of Iran has refused to see Oriana Fallaci because of her disrespectful interview with Khomeini. Apparently Bani-Sadr's office and the Foreign Ministry have put out the word. Bani-Sadr hopes the students will read this item and forgive him for making an appointment with me without their permission.

April 11. I write these notes on the plane that takes me back to civilization. I'll be damned if I will go back to Iran. I told that to the few Iranian friends I am leaving behind; people who suffered under the shah and now suffer under Khomeini. But they smiled and replied, "you'll come back, you will. At the next revolution."

Perhaps they meant the civil war that now lies ahead of them.

Post Script. Bani-Sadr had the guts to send me his excuses through my ambassador. On Saturday the 12th, he received the nine ambassadors of the European Community. When the painful meeting was over, he took my ambassador aside and mumbled that he was sorry, that he had to do what he had done, that he hoped to be understood, that he will see me another time. I instructed my ambassador to inform Mr. Bani-Sadr that I shall never grant him an interview as long as I live.

Oriana Fallaci

Oriana Fallaci's new book, *A Man*, will be published next winter by Simon & Schuster.

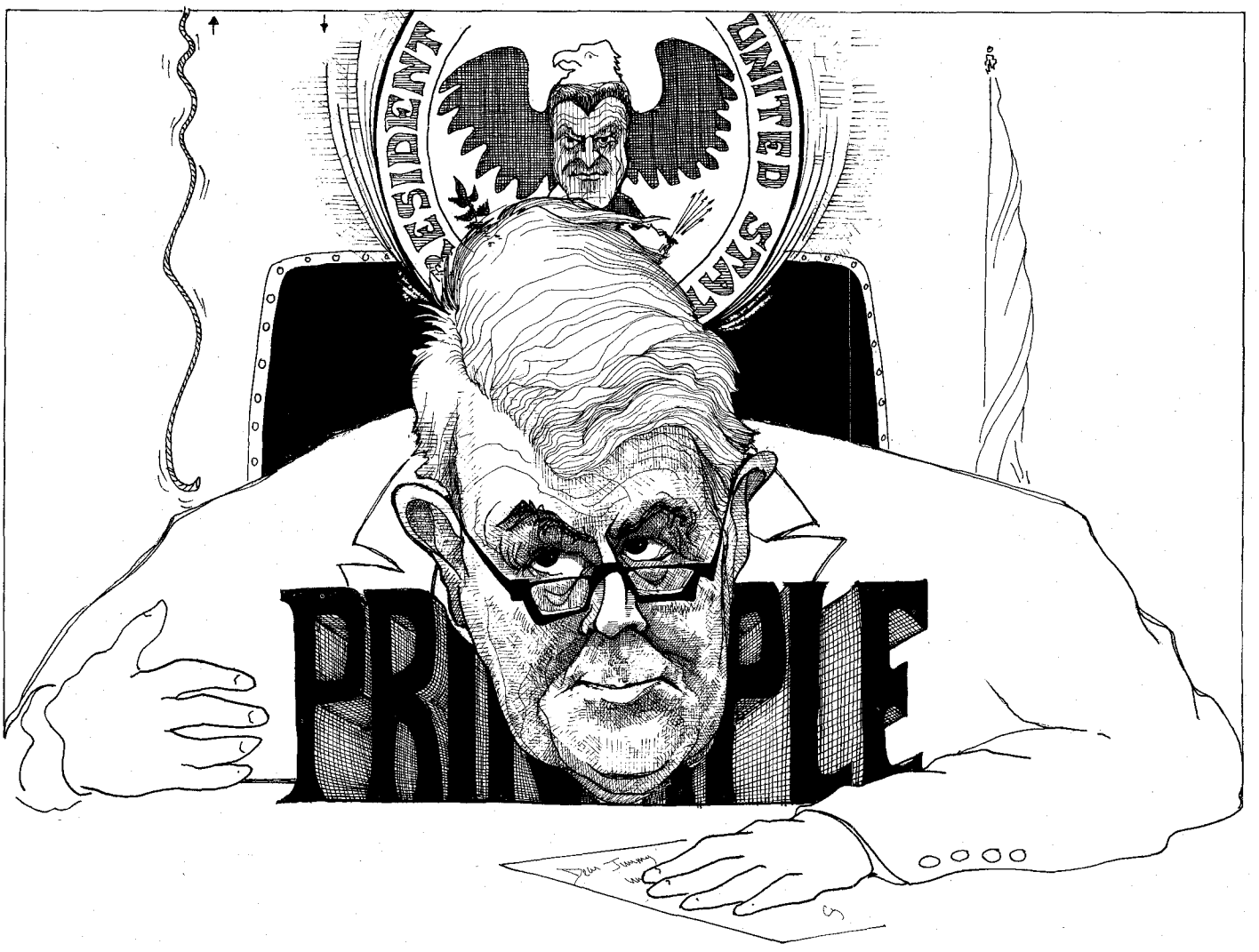
He was neither pacifist nor bluffer.

The Vance Legacy

I am strongly prejudiced in favor of Cyrus R. Vance, the more so because of my contribution toward prejudicing Washington against him. Almost four years ago, I wrote a piece for the *New York Times Magazine* about the impending secretary of state sweepstakes and used the occasion to characterize Vance as "a man who left no footprints."

This staid, super-cautious, consensus-building, quintessential Man of the Establishment—or so he seemed to me then—proceeded to shock the hell out of me after he became secretary of state. First, he asked me to be the director of the Bureau of Politico-Military

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



drawing of Cyrus Vance by Vint Lawrence

Affairs. Second, week after week for the next two and a half years as I accompanied him to meetings at the White House, he was invariably decisive, usually the first to stake out a well-defined position and the least likely to back down from it. Third, he was curiously inarticulate and apolitical, much more the leader of a pioneer wagon train—always, always moving toward a few goals—than the smooth Wall Street lawyer. He is a very complicated man whom I still don't really know, which is the way he wants it. But I do know those goals and attendant strategies that he would reveal more through his actions than words.

He was determined to restore the credibility and integrity of the State Department. For the better part of the Vietnam War, through the first Nixon administration and into the stewardship of Henry Kissinger, the State Department was widely perceived to be the purveyor of baloney and worse. Peoples' political memories are unbearably stretched beyond one year, but the fact is that as Kissinger was finishing his tour of duty, most newsmen could not tell which way was up. Now it is taken for granted that if the Vance State Department answers at all, it will be the truth.

There was a similar problem with Congress, it should be remembered. It was fashionable only a few years ago to argue that Congress had some rights to know what was going on in foreign affairs. The Nixon-Kissinger team handed Congress one surprise after another until relations were at the breaking point. The extent to which Vance changed this struck home one day in a closed briefing of the Senate Foreign Relations Committee. He had just finished boring them with the details of the SALT negotiations when one senator asked about the negotiations leading up to the Camp David accords. Vance said something like, "I'm going to tell you, even though this information could not be more sensitive." And he did. And there was no special notice of the line that had been crossed. The moment went by naturally, and there were no leaks.

His policy preoccupation was with Soviet-American relations. Perhaps more than any senior official in the administration, Vance saw the downward and dangerous slope in relations. In private moments, he talked to some of us about the awkwardness, envy, and ambitions of Soviet leaders as they realized they could now exercise power on a global scale, and he foresaw the growing fear and frustrations of his fellow countrymen as they began to sense American vulnerability for the first time. His goal, his passion, was to cushion the coming competition with arms control, trade, and other agreements. And with arms.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

In the early days of the administration when President Carter was still talking about cutting the defense budget, Vance was arguing strongly for a three percent real increase in spending.

Vance was defeated tragically in the pursuit of this goal of cushioning the fall by the very pincer movement he was trying to out-race—Soviet thrusts into Africa and Afghanistan and increasing anti-Soviet sentiment within the administration led by Zbigniew Brzezinski and buttressed by powerful political forces on the outside. And Vance helped to defeat himself by not taking his case relentlessly to the American people, by neglecting the role of educator, by being so uncomfortable with the news media. To be sure, the speeches he gave stressed the need for a balanced view of Moscow and for a US policy of defense and diplomacy, cooperation and competition, but these words were dry and lifeless and he could not bring himself to instill those speeches with his private insights and passion. It was as if he felt that making his best case would only be misunderstood and make matters worse.

Vance never did get to spend anywhere near enough time on his other passion, doing something about the bewildering array of problems in the third world. While he wanted to get people working on preventing economic desperation in the developing countries, the debate swirling around him in Washington was whether he had become so mesmerized by the Vietnam experience that he was now afraid to exercise American power and use force. He *was* deeply skeptical of the utility of force to solve problems there. His resignation over the rescue operation in Iran with all the talk of using additional force was no accident. For what it is worth, those of us who worked most closely with him were all convinced that he was neither a pacifist nor a bluffer, that where he believed the use of force would make sense, he would be bold in recommending it. Meanwhile, the third world may be about to go up in flames, and we have neither the force nor the economic wherewithall to do anything about it.

None of this does justice to Vance's central role and concrete accomplishments in the still-valid SALT II treaty, the Camp David accords, the Panama Canal Treaty, the political settlement in Rhodesia, the almost singlehanded efforts for the Cambodian and Vietnamese refugees, and the normalization of relations with China. Nor does it explain the famous Vance "miscommunication" to Carter over the UN resolution on East Jerusalem.

This is the legacy Vance leaves to his successor, Edmund S. Muskie. I am not sure how much more he expected to leave when he announced a long time ago that he would serve only one term, thereby diminishing his own future bargaining power with the president.

With all of Muskie's skills as a tough, experienced politician and formidable debater, he cannot be expected to do very much in the last seven months of a disintegrating administration, in a presidential election year with its manufactured problems, and with all the real problems in the world. He shouldn't try to do more than the one thing he can accomplish—calming down people here and abroad and giving them some confidence that there is still one level-headed person in the inner councils of the National Security Council.

Leslie H. Gelb

Leslie H. Gelb is a senior associate at the Carnegie Endowment for International Peace and a former director of Politico-Military Affairs at the State Department.

How do you spell relief?

ABC Held Hostage

The latest television news shrieker from Iran told us that now the crazy bastards were demanding money for the return of our dead servicemen's bodies. There followed 12 more riotous hours of shock, indignation, disgust, anger, and other emotions that have such pleasingly tumescent effects on the Nielsen ratings. The electronic Front Page has gone crackers over the hostage yarn. But the print media has been trying to cash in too. The *Columbia Journalism Review* reports: "The San Angelo, Texas, *Standard Times* mounted a 'Show Iran We Mean Business' campaign that culminated on December 11, when the paper printed a 'Let Our People Go' iron-on transfer. . . . Papers with flags already on their mastheads ran them upside-down as a signal of distress. Papers without masthead flags acquired them. . . . The Fort Myers, Florida, *News-Press* not only ran a four-color, double-truck Old Glory, but also gave away 'Fly the Flag' bumper stickers."

WMCA, a major New York City radio station, gave out 100,000 arm bands printed with the slogan "Unity Is Strength" printed on them. (Not terribly original, but in a national crisis it's back to the basic bromides.) After that we had the send-the-hostages-a-Christmas-card drive, as the media figured out new ways to wring bucks out of the Stars and Stripes. The best was the Ohio radio station director who had himself bound—but not, alas, gagged—for three hours a day "to draw attention to the hostages," a need that only he felt was going unmet.

Leaving questions of taste aside, morally this kind of jackasserie is no more objectionable than selling President John F. Kennedy souvenir plates or making propaganda movies. But the performance of ABC's Roone Arledge and his news executive counterparts at the other television networks are not so easy to dismiss.

For six months or more, ABC has been coming on the air nightly with a program headlined "Iran: America

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Held Hostage." The first few nights that réclame was forgivable on the grounds of speed and excitement. But imagine if the *Wall Street Journal* were to use the same inaccurate, misleadingly inflammatory headline five publishing days a week for half a year. At some point along the line, there would be a stink. Fifty-three American foreign service personnel have been held captive unlawfully; if America has been held hostage, or at least its foreign policy, it's by the three television networks.

Doubtless, President Carter and his administration have invited this hypnotic concentration on the hostages, but the networks put on the air what they want to put on the air. The same three corporations told Carter to peddle his peanuts elsewhere when he wanted to buy time for a reelection film before the date they had decided was commercially most suitable for beginning the campaign. They know how to say no to a president. The mere suggestion, for example, that the White House might close down satellite transmissions from Iran brought forth indignant threats of lawsuits by television executives.

For a time it appeared that there might be enough social pressure within the family of TV networks to set some limit on the propagation and dissemination of rumor, gossip, and haranguing opinion. This fleeting moment of self-doubt came when, in exchange for tape footage of the American clergymen's Christmas visit to the hostages, NBC put Mary Militant on the air to drone Marxist sounds through her veil. The network was reproved by its self-righteous competitors and the government for allowing itself to be used as a propaganda channel. The real damage, though, wasn't that Ms. Militant reached many American hearts and minds, but that she angered everybody, even Iranian sympathizers. But anger can kick up the ratings, too, so the result was that in short order on any channel you turned to there was a didactic Persian acting high-handed and irritating.

At length the Iranians grew irritated themselves at what they considered a disadvantageous presentation of their position. The American hacks were expelled. You may recall that this produced an almost palpable reduction in tension and hysteria in Iran. Over here we had to endure much huffage and puffage about this gross violation of the First Amendment, although why the Iranians are under obligation to observe our Constitution is seldom explained, any more than why we should pass laws making it illegal to bribe foreign officials in their own countries.

In that blessed interim, while the *corps de presse* was in exile, we found we were enjoying not the right to know but the equally sacred right to be ignorant. There even seemed a chance that, once the Iranians saw we'd lost interest, they might grow tired of paying the hostages' board and would return them out of simple ennui. But the Iranians soon wised up and realized that what they labeled the American mass media's vicious distortions were actually crucial to their anti-American strategy. If holding the hostages has been a version of wringing the imperial lion's tail, then television has served as the rollers.

The mob of hacks were readmitted to roam at will in Tehran, while their fellow countrymen languished in bondage. Everybody has a role in this ballet. The hostages lie under Little Mother Mary Militant's care, the mullahs scold, the clergymen intermediate, the relatives supplicate, and the reporters resonate. Easter represented a new departure. The networks paid real money to the student jailers for footage of the clerical visitations. There was Carter trying to get the civilized portion of the world not to trade with Iran, while the most conspicuous bric-a-brac in the American business world, the television networks, go trading with the enemy.

As if the pictures of the bedraggled and downcast hostages weren't enough, at least one network split the screen so we could see the weeping relatives looking at their forlorn son. After which the TV correspondents, like provocative bees of controversy, spread out through the official gardens of Washington asking goading questions of all and sundry. Do you think the president is a slacker? If you could get your hands on the ayatollah, what would you do to him?

The Iranian impasse has gone on so long that the networks are now able to embroider their own embroidery. Not content with analyzing the politics, the condition of the hostages, the international implications, ABC came on the air with a Dr. Figgley, a "family stress expert," to diagnose the spiritual condition of the victims' relatives. CBS had its TV critic wondering if showing so much footage of the hostages was a good idea. People might come to identify with them, and therefore be unable to accept the thought they might have to be sacrificed in the course of an attempted military manumission.

No opportunity for exploitation has been passed up. The bewildered Mrs. Timm, plodding and pleading about the streets of Tehran for her captive son, was pitted on the TV screen in debate against her divorced husband. Even the president gets this kind of treatment. Carter comes on the air to explain the perils of aviation over dry places—cut to Ghotbzadeh for reaction. The hostage families are enjoying or suffering through their Warhol-style 15 minutes of celebrity; the great, grinning face of foreign minister Ghotbzadeh has overstayed its allotted time by several hours.

The chief sponsors of news programs are headache remedies, cold medicines, denture cleaners, heartburn tablets, laxatives, and doctor-tested Preparation H. Anyone who watches the nightly news with attention and credulity will need all of the above products. Roone Arledge makes sure his programs don't cure piles; they give 'em.

So for those who are worried about war, the question boils down to how do you spell relief? The Iranians

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

might give both sides a break by making good on the threat to kick the media out again. Or if they have come to revere the First Amendment the way the CBS executives at their Black Rock headquarters do, they might meditate shooting out the transponder on the satellite bouncing this information madness back to the States. Otherwise we may go to war to insure a strong third quarter for Sinutabs. Die for the flag, die for Marxism, but die for Ex-lax, even if it does come in the new tablet form?

Night upon night of national electronic incitement to riot may drive Jimmy to declare a Baptist Jihad, a word Sam Donaldson has taught us all; it may flip us out into dropping the big one on theholycityofqom, always pronounced as one word on the air, but if we do nuke the Persians back to Cambyses, at least the ayatollah can take a few camera crews with him up to Allah.

Nicholas von Hoffman

Nicholas von Hoffman is a syndicated columnist. His latest book is *Make Believe Presidents* (Pantheon).

Our stapled-together foreign policy comes unstapled.

Zbig Without Cy

It is easier to admire Cyrus Vance's action than to understand or agree with his reasons. Personal, careerist caution is one thing, caution about the use of military power is something else. The first kind of caution kept Vance from resigning during Vietnam, even though (we are now told) the second kind gave him severe misgivings about the war. This time Vance has overcome personal caution at just the time his caution about policy has gone to an extreme. If his explanations are taken at face value—that he resigned as secretary of state because he thought the rescue mission into Iran was a dangerous step down the slope toward war—this suggests that Richard Nixon is right. In his new book, *The Real War* (Warner Books), Nixon says that we've had troubles since Vietnam because the war turned a generation of Americans into sissies. No, not the younger generation that fought in, or against, the war, but the older men who managed the war, came to doubt it, and wound up doubting themselves. Now they're gun-shy, Nixon says, so anxious to avoid "another Vietnam" that they wheedle and appease their way out of any showdown. It is Cyrus Vance's generation of foreign-policy makers he is describing.

On the day Vance formally resigned, Senator George McGovern said that one of the "lessons" of Vietnam was to "destroy the illusion that we could solve complicated political and diplomatic situations in military ways." Presumably similar thoughts were in Vance's mind. If so, it may be, as Nixon said, that we have forgotten the difference between the use and abuse of power. McGovern's warning certainly would be appropriate if it applied to an invasion of Iran, an attempt to seize its ports, punitive bombing of its cities, or even a blockade. Each of those steps would invite further military entanglements. None would do much to convince the Iranians to come around. But this raid, if it had worked, would have "solved" the problem. And by removing the irritant that distorts all our other dealings in the region, it would have helped solve a good many more complicated problems as well.

Apparently Vance felt otherwise. However you judge his disagreement with the president, his decision to leave because of that disagreement demands respect. Yes, the timing was awkward for his president. Yes, he had been nibbled to death by Zbigniew Brzezinski over the years, which may have been the real reason he gave up. Yes, there are few real "risks" in resignation for a man who has had the job he spent his life preparing for, and who has a Wall Street law firm in which to spend his exile. And yes, the government is sometimes better served by those who aspire to fill the George Ball Chair of "Dissent from Within" Diplomacy. But of every 100 diplomats, at least 99 are all too eager to take the George Ball approach and keep their jobs. Usually this requires a considerable muting of their dissent. Vance certainly must have remembered that there were no publicized resignations over policy among top officials during Vietnam. The abrupt departure of this quintessential team player may remind others in the government that not everyone needs to stay and "work from within."

But whatever flattering things the resignation may say about Vance's personality, it says far more damaging things about the Carter administration. The harm is not so much the immediate political flap. The real message of this incident is that, with his first term more than four-fifths over, President Carter still has not decided what his foreign policy should be.

The political damage from the resignation probably will be based on the assumption that the president's foreign policy *has* changed in the direction of Zbigniew Brzezinski's views. To critics on the right, this will be the occasion for more "I told you so" gloating about the previous error of Carter's ways. Vance and the assistants he brought with him to the State Department were personally identified with the human rights policy, the efforts to sell a SALT agreement, the emphasis on "north-south" issues such as hunger and refugees, the Andy Young approach toward Africa, the disinclination to prop up Somoza and the shah. Carter can hardly outdo the Reagans and Podhoretzes in disowning these policies without making his reputation for inconsistency even worse. So far he hasn't even tried; each speech about standing up to the Russians has contained a brief prayer for "cooperation" and for SALT. Even if he does continue emphasizing the tough

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

talk, Carter probably will get the worst of it both ways. People will think, largely because of Vance's departure, that Carter has veered farther to the right, but he won't be able to go far enough to win support from the hard-liners.

For those on the left, the disappearance of Vance also signals a change, one that would leave Brzezinski alone at the wheel. Here is a cause for genuine alarm.

Like a Phillips screwdriver, Brzezinski is by nature extremely useful for some tasks but useless for many others. He is facile, a free-wheeler, the type of man who (as Franklin Roosevelt said in praise of Louis Howe) will come up with 10 new ideas each day, even though nine of them may be bad. One good idea a day is far more than most people achieve. Brzezinski also is hasty and glib. No one has ever used the words "wise" or "reflective" in connection with his name. In my limited experience with him, I cannot recall him ever pausing for even an instant before answering any question. For all of them, he has a theory right at hand. While his views toward the Soviet Union are theoretically balanced between the needs for "competition" and "cooperation," in practice they come out as rabbit punches from a man spoiling for a fight. Brzezinski was the one who visited China in 1978 and told his hosts that the first one to the top of their Wall got to fight the Russians. He led the agitation about the "unacceptable" deployment of Soviet troops in Cuba last fall. Two days after the Iranian rescue failed, Brzezinski and Secretary of Defense Harold Brown appeared separately on the Sunday interview shows. Brown struck the right note of firmness without braggadocio. Brzezinski's cold ferocity fulfilled every fantasy of Dr. Strangelove. Last winter, Sally Quinn of the *Washington Post* wrote a long series about Brzezinski. The *Post* had to back down from the series in humiliation over a crucial error of fact—Quinn's false allegation that Brzezinski had unzipped his fly in the presence of a female reporter. The pity of this stupid error was that Quinn's general portrait was accurate. She showed a vain, impulsive man, charming in many ways, but with the self-knowledge and balance of an average teenage boy.

In the right circumstances, such a man can be an asset. If a president knows his advisers' limits and can separate the crazy ideas from the clever and creative ones, he can do far better with an adviser like Brzezinski than with no one but supercautious Vance types. Most of the time President Carter has seemed able to balance Brzezinski's flashiness with Vance's caution and deliberation, never letting himself be drawn too far into the orbit of either man. But since the balancing has been almost totally personal—seemingly based on Carter's fondness for the steady, reliable Vance as a man, rather than on a particular commitment to his policies—those who favor Vance's "liberal" policies fear that Brzezinski now will have his day.

I suspect that this fear is premature, and not simply because Edmund Muskie should be able to give Brzezinski a good tussle. My guess is that the policy will not dramatically change after Vance, because President Carter has still not decided what the policy is. For three and a half years, he has tried to apply and explain a foreign policy based on contradictory points of view. He has not tried to teach Vance and Brzezinski the same language, but has mixed words from each of their languages into a crude pidgin that he alone comprehends. Unless Carter himself changes fundamentally, he is unlikely to resolve the inconsistencies he has tolerated until now.

Almost everyone who has dealt with Jimmy Carter comes away with the impression that he is a remarkably "intelligent" man, in the sense of being able to manipulate and analyze facts. But his intelligence is almost entirely of the item-by-item, engineering variety, not the kind involving abstract thought. Ask him his position on any specific issue—construction of a Corps of Engineers dam, unemployment in Detroit—and you will get a detailed, specific answer. Ask him "what is the philosophy of your administration?" and you will get a list of the specific points. Jimmy Carter is the first person I would want to look over plans for a new submarine, or to assess the cost-benefit ratio of a power plant. He is practically the last person whose thoughts I would want to hear on "The Unresolved Tensions in the US Constitution"—or on "Relations Between the Soviet Union and the United States." His mind does not work that way.

President Carter is like the "fox" in Isaiah Berlin's famous essay on "The Hedgehog and the Fox"—the thinker who sees a thousand aspects of life, unlike the "hedgehog" who tries to cram everything into one central vision. He is not inclined to fit each little piece of information into a grand scheme of the world, in the fashion of Karl Marx (or, for that matter, Ronald Reagan). For this reason, Carter is more likely than most politicians to reach a lucid, reasonable decision in any specific case. For the same reason, he is not likely to push individual decisions or policies toward their logical conclusions—and therefore to see which policies ultimately contradict which others.

The virtue of this approach is that it encourages compromises like the one at Camp David. Only a man who does not dwell on differences of principle between two sides can look for ways to reconcile them point by point. The defect of this approach is that people who *do* think in more abstract fashion cannot figure out where you stand. Vance himself is no idle theorizer, but I have no doubt that he and Brzezinski both recognized that their policies were incompatible. The emphases, the implications, the tones are all different, even though they may agree on a specific point. Each of them probably would have been happier with a president who declared one's view the winner and let the other one go. But if they saw a conflict, Carter has not, and he has attempted to combine their policies by applying 50 percent of each. The enduring metaphor for the administration's foreign policy is the speech Carter

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

made in June 1978 at the US Naval Academy. It was an attempt to "clarify" American policy toward the Soviet Union, which had grown confused because of the different signals coming from Brzezinski and Vance. Like other presidents, Jimmy Carter asked each of the advisers for a memo recommending what he should say. Unlike other presidents, he composed the speech (as was reported at the time) by stapling the two memos together.

Presumably President Carter sees a continuity in these disharmonious ideas. Whether or not he does, the overall impression he leaves is that of a man who sees in his mind a private mosaic, all the tiles combining to create a clear, coherent scene. What we see from the outside are the individual tiles the president holds up, one day the red one, the next day the green.

As long as Vance remained, he supported the illusion that there really was a center, that someone understood what the policy was about. Perhaps outsiders could not detect it, but they could rest assured that in the long run its elements would be sensible and held to some kind of balance. In resigning, Vance has shown that while the president's mind may be capacious enough to keep accommodating opposites, some of his subordinates lack this skill. This too is a service, though perhaps not one President Carter wishes Vance had performed.

James Fallows

James Fallows, Washington editor of the *Atlantic*, was President Carter's chief speechwriter in 1977 and 1978.

Public employee unions are here to stay.

The New Labor Monopoly

by James Ring Adams

This year's well-publicized rash of public employee strikes—New York transit workers, Kansas City firemen, Chicago teachers, to name a few—is beginning to generate serious questions across the political spectrum about the viability of public employee unionism. Should public employees be forbidden by law from striking, as they are in New York? Should they be granted the right to bargain collectively like their brethren in private industry? Underlying these questions are issues that have made public employment the knottiest problem area in US labor relations. But the truth may be that public employee unions have grown so powerful over the last 20 years, and the fiscal pressure on local governments so pinching, that the questions are probably already moot; for the foreseeable future, we can expect a continuing deterioration of state and municipal services, an increasing number of politically charged, divisive public employee strikes, and a further erosion of the spirit of public service.

The impression of labor unrest is not misleading. According to figures compiled by the Public Service Council, an organization critical of organized labor, public employee unions called some 72 strikes in the first quarter of 1980. The council projects more than 400 state and local government strikes by the end of the year—a rate that may not match the 1975 record of 478, but is certain to rank among the highest in US history. We have arrived at the long-expected collision of two powerful forces: militant public employee unionism and the movement to limit the cost of state and local government.

The public employee unions are changing the face of the American labor movement in a way that would confound Karl Marx. American unionism peaked in the mid-1950s, when it included some 35 percent of the country's non-farm work force. But as its share has fallen steadily to under 25 percent, municipal unions have grown explosively. Between 1976 and 1978, membership in manufacturing unions declined by 449,000; membership in state and local government unions grew by 531,000. In the last decade, the two fastest growing unions have been the American Federation of State, County and Municipal Employees (AFSCME) and the American Federation of Teachers (AFT), both of which have more than doubled their membership. More than 15 percent of the labor movement now consists of government workers (including federal), up from five percent in 1956.

Like adolescents, these fast-growing unions have had their identity crises. Many teachers have been acutely

James Ring Adams is an editorial writer for the *Wall Street Journal*.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

uncomfortable about being part of the labor movement, and labor has responded to their cold feet with a chilliness of its own. A National Education Association (NEA) strike in Baton Rouge last year, for example, had the support of the local Teamsters until an NEA leader announced that his group wasn't a union, but a professional organization. The Teamsters withdrew their support, and the strike collapsed. The byzantine feuding of AFSCME's Jerry Wurf and Victor Gotbaum with AFT strongman Albert Shanker is legendary; at one point, AFSCME took the NEA under its own wing to protect it from AFT raids. The militant factions responsible for pushing the New York Transit Workers into its recent 11-day strike represented a revolt of blacks and Hispanics against the union's aging Irish leadership.

Rapidly growing, turbulent, and sometimes just barely in control, these unions are meeting stiff resistance in the traditionally anti-union regions they are working hard to organize. Other outside pressure comes from the powerful tax-cut and spending-limit movement, which is likely to be reinvigorated by California's June 3 vote on "Jaws II," Howard Jarvis's new proposition to halve the state income tax. But the most serious challenge is being mounted by liberal or minority big-city mayors trying to cope with the soaring cost of municipal government, and occasionally with its near bankruptcy. The 1975 phase of New York City's fiscal crisis taught a lot of lessons to mayors across the country. New Orleans's black mayor Ernest Morial read two books on it, and broke a policemen's strike. In 1976, liberal San Francisco broke a 38-day strike by craft workers in its transit system, called over a pay cut, and its municipal voter referenda have been rolling back union privileges ever since. Liberal reform Democrat Edward I. Koch won the New York mayoralty in 1977 in a long-shot campaign distinguished by its chilliness to the municipal unions. Two major contract talks have done little to thaw the atmosphere. The more local union leaders attack Mayor Koch, the more his public popularity flourishes. These political reversals are sometimes heavily ironic. In Martin Luther King's home town of Atlanta, black mayor Maynard Jackson broke a 1977 strike of low-paid black sanitation workers by wholesale dismissals. When Martin Luther King was assassinated in Memphis eight years earlier, he was there to encourage striking black sanitation men.

With the political lines so scrambled, the long-standing debate over public employee strikes has taken on a fresh urgency. The traditional position against striking public employees was summed up in the famous telegram with which Massachusetts governor Calvin Coolidge intervened in the 1919 Boston police strike: "There is no right to strike against the public safety by anybody, anywhere, anytime." Though there is a sharp theoretical difference between work for the government and work for private industry, in reality the distinction has been eroded by the "mixed economy" of our modern liberal democracy and our tendency to base devotion to the public good on calculations of private self-interest. A tradition of self-sacrificing public service is hard to maintain when state and local governments have extended their activities so far beyond the so-called "traditional" government functions. Cities, for example, not only are responsible for preserving public order; they also run transit lines, generate electricity, and even bottle soft drinks. Workers in this industrial environment were bound to imitate their counterparts in private industry, and this is precisely what they have done.

But there are still distinctions to be drawn between the private and public sectors in terms of the effects of labor problems. The public can afford to stand more or less aloof from even major private industrial labor disputes. If a widget plant is on strike or if the cost of a settlement pushes widget prices too high, the consumer can generally get his supply elsewhere or substitute another product. Competition from marketplace alternatives pressures both labor and management to be reasonable.

Government is largely (but not totally) insulated from these restraints. It generally claims a monopoly on the services it provides. So in spite of proposals for school vouchers or privatization of garbage collection, the public has little recourse to market competition to limit the cost of the product. Moreover, in negotiations with employees, government generally can ignore what impact a settlement will have on the "price" of the service. The defining feature of public employment may be that its salaries ultimately come out of tax collections. It's hard to think of any public budget that distributes tax money to its divisions in proportion to the "market" demand for their services.

This monopoly goes hand in hand with the civil service reform, and jokebooks have been filled, perhaps unfairly, with the traits that grew out of the combination. But at one time public work struck a rough kind of balance; employees didn't have to worry about private-sector-style layoffs, bankruptcies, or company mergers, but they weren't paid as well either. The rise of municipal unions has destroyed any such equilibrium. Their tools of organization and bargaining and ultimately their threat of strike were invented and honed to protect workers subject to the uncertainties of private industry, but now they are deployed on behalf of workers who already have been protected from these uncertainties.

So municipal union members have been getting two or more bites of the apple, to quote one critic. They retain civil service protection. They gain the bargaining power of a labor union. In addition, they exercise considerable political power as a well-organized and well-informed special interest group. Management must not only bargain with them, it must answer to them at the ballot box. Furthermore, the benefits gained through their bargaining by now have brought

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

them impressive economic leverage.

The assets in the pension funds of New York City employees now total $10 billion. Although these are the property of employees, they are effectively controlled by the union leaders, who have derived a powerful position in New York City's fiscal affairs through investing several billions in its fiscal bail-out. New York City even provides the unions directly with a slush fund; a standard contract feature is a union-administered welfare fund for supplementary benefits, paid for entirely by the city. The city's annual contribution has sometimes been double the annual payout of certain funds, allowing hundreds of millions of dollars to accumulate under union control.

In these circumstances, the debate over whether or not to grant the right to strike is a bit beside the point. Eight states do grant it, with a variety of qualifications. Many more prohibit it, through means like New York State's Taylor Law which exacts fairly heavy financial penalties on striking workers and their union. Municipal union leaders themselves claim that they prefer to avoid using the strike weapon, recognizing that the difference between private- and public-sector strikes is very much like the difference between conventional and nuclear warfare. But the strikes take place all the same, with mounting frequency and intensity. Wage demands are often not the main issue, either. The confrontation in recent New York City talks has been over "givebacks," details of administration, staff assignment, and work rules that the city wants flexibility to change but that were unwisely made provisions of previous contracts. The most bitter strikes of all can be those involving basic issues of public policy, such as the 1968 New York City teachers' strike. In these confrontations, the union may sometimes be more clear-sighted than management about the realities of doing the job. Even when this wasn't the case, the union side seemed, until very recently, invariably to prevail. In states like New York, the political power of the unions, and City Hall's desire to restore harmony, generally undercut any penalties levied in the heat of the strike, but these amnesties take place out of the public eye. Even Calvin Coolidge, a much underrated politician, helped the dismissed Boston police strikers to find jobs in his state administration.

The solution to this imbalance of power has to go beyond the question of the strike. Some advocate drawing the line at granting the right of collective bargaining, which is still far from universal. But the opposition argues that collective bargaining *causes* public strikes. Their figures are impressive, although the cause-effect argument is less so. In 1958, the year before the first compulsory public-sector bargaining legislation was enacted in Wisconsin, there were 15 public-sector strikes, involving 1730 employees and a loss of 7520 work days. In 1975, after 34 states passed such laws, there were 478 strikes, involving 318,000 employees and a loss of 2,204,000 work days. The conservative American Legislative Exchange Council is even circulating a draft "Public Services Protection Act" for state legislatures to prohibit contractual agreements between a state or its subdivision and any public employee union. Similar laws have been passed and upheld by courts in North Carolina and Virginia.

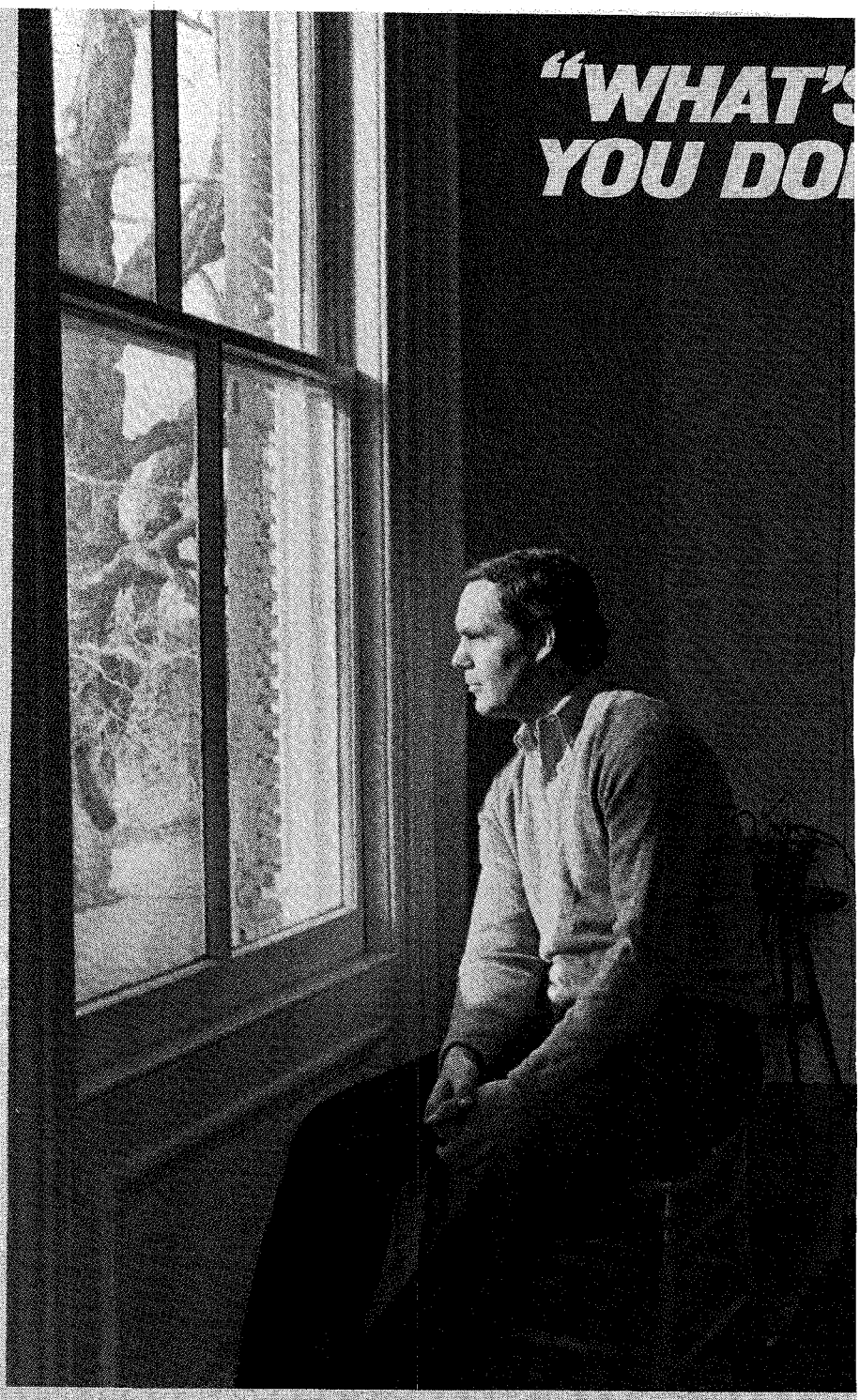
Buttressed by public concern about taxes and budget deficits, municipal officials are learning that they don't always have to lose. Since the New York City bankruptcy stiffened their spines, mayors in San Francisco, Atlanta, and New Orleans have broken municipal strikes. The national press has given a great deal of play to Chicago mayor Jane Byrne's labor troubles, but she too has been winning on the issues. As a result, union and municipality have gone through a curious reversal of attitudes. Five years ago, city hall placed highest priority on averting strikes and, over union objection, advocated expedients like compulsory binding arbitration. But cities have found arbitration to be a bitter experience. "Impartial" arbitrators paid remarkably little attention to whether the city could afford the settlements they dictated, unless that consideration was required by statute (it wasn't in many cases). Some unions now actively seek arbitration, and cities adamantly resist it. The National League of Cities, still considered a liberal organization, now has an *amicus curiae* brief before the Connecticut State Supreme Court asking it to overturn the state compulsory arbitration law.

Cities now are forced to bargain primarily to protect their budgets and management prerogatives rather than to prevent service disruptions. Municipalities can no longer afford the John Lindsay strategy of buying labor neutrality with contracts laden with deferred costs and concessions on invisible work rules and benefits. There's a growing feeling, in fact, that Lindsay's cardinal sin was in letting administrative decisions be settled in contract bargaining. City officials who are willing to let their workers act like union members find that they have to act like management.

But this union managementism creates an unnatural conflict in the public work force. The municipal unions have come to include the bulk of supervisors and administrators who translate public policy into public work and who by any analysis would be considered "middle management." Union member or not, an administrator at the department, ward, and neighborhood level must be sensitive to his impact on the political social fabric of the city. He must constantly exercise a special kind of judgment that the private sector very rarely calls for.

As city and union increasingly turn to industrial-style conflict, this special character of public service will be lost. For all the imperfections of past models, the big-city machine gave new arrivals a stake in society, and the civil service practiced a benevolent neutrality, and each in its way helped hold the city together. These traditions are being shouldered aside by the inevitable union conflict. The victim will be the common good.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



It starts out innocently enough.

A man tunes in a football game and tunes out his wife's attempts to be heard.

A woman gets so wrapped up in her problems she barely listens as her husband talks about his own.

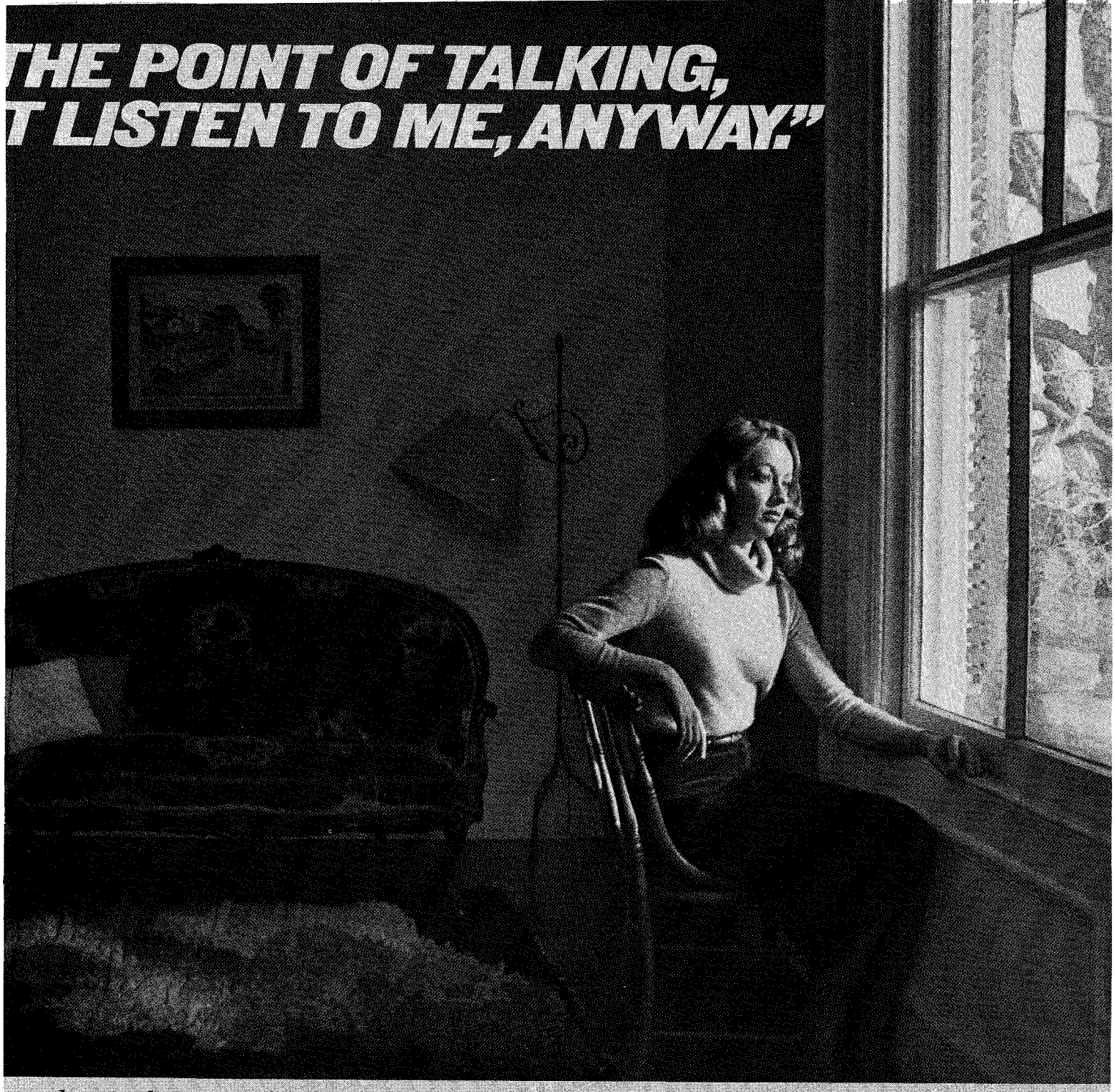
And before long, without even realizing how it came about, a deadly silence starts to grow between them.

The fact is, listening, like marriage, is a partnership; a shared responsibility between the person speaking and the person listening. And if the listener doesn't show genuine interest and sensitivity to what's being said, the speaker will stop talking. And the communication will fail.

Which is why we at Sperry feel it's so critical that we all become better listeners. In our homes. And in our businesses.

We've recently set up special listening programs that Sperry personnel worldwide can attend. And what we're discovering is that when people really know how to listen (and believe us, there's a lot to know) they can actually encourage

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



the speakers to share more of their thoughts and feelings, bringing everyone closer together.

Which is of great value to us when we do business.

And perhaps even greater value when we go home.

SPERRY

We understand how important it is to listen.

Sperry is Sperry Univac computers, Sperry New Holland farm equipment, Sperry Vickers fluid power systems, and guidance and control equipment from Sperry division and Sperry Flight Systems.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Books and the Arts

Stanley Kauffmann on films

Aldrich to Zanussi

When the film critic Robin Wood reviewed *The Oxford Companion to Film* (*Film Comment*, November-December 1976), he lambasted it for its inaccuracies and general mindlessness and, lastly, for the tone of its critical comments. "All personal commitments have to be left on the doorstep, along with anything radical, subversive, or controversial." Wood surely knew at the time about the preparation of the work I'm reviewing here, to which he is a principal contributor; presumably he was making a tacit comparison. However, this new work shows that the qualities he missed in the *OCF* don't necessarily produce a solid book.

Cinema: A Critical Dictionary was edited by Richard Roud, director of the New York Film Festival and a critic in England, is in two volumes totaling 1121 double-columned pages, is generously illustrated, and is published by Viking Press at $75. There are about 240 articles by 42 contributors, including Roud. I'll discuss some aspects of the work in ascending order of importance.

Photographs. Most of them are well-enough chosen and printed. The decision to omit portraits of the directors, to use only stills from their films, is understandable as a choice, but then why 19 two-page spreads of single photographs? This decision is odd because the stills chosen for blow-up don't need it. I'd except the shots from *Eclipse*, *The Magnificent Andersons*, and *New Tales of the Taira Clan* (although the distributor's label should have been airbrushed out of the last).

Selections. No editor can score 100 percent with any reader here, probably not even with himself. Still here are one reader's queries on persons selected for discussion. Why exclude (for instance) Julien Duvivier, John Cromwell, and Philippe de Broca when (for instance) Rowland Brown, Vittorio Cottafavi, and Per Lindberg are included? Which of these trios are of more concern to most users of this work? In a dictionary that, outside of directors, deals with only a few actors and a few "periods," why an entry on Hong Kong cinema? Why joint entries for René Clement and Henri-Georges Clouzot, for Carol Reed and David Lean? The excuse is that, in each case, the two names are often linked, but on that ground why not joint entries for Chaplin and Keaton, for Ford and Hawks?

Ground Rules. In terms of form, none. Some entries contain much biographical information, some little, some none. Even birth-and-death dates are not always given. There are no filmographies as such, though often there are many citations. The reason for excluding complete data is obviously that Roud's emphasis is on commentary, but (a) the procedure varies widely and (b) the method, or lack of it, implies the reader's need for at least one concomitant reference work. (I suggest Ephraim Katz's recently published *Film Encyclopedia*.)

Entries. Most of the articles are substantial. Some directors—Dreyer, Hitchcock, Lang, Lubitsch, Renoir—get two articles by different authors, dealing with different periods in the careers. Why? Why not an overview by one critic thus giving the reader a consistent frame of reference? Every article in the book has a postscript by Roud, more about which later.

I'm not going to quarrel with the opinions expressed in the articles, chiefly because I'm not yet World Commissar of Criticism so pro tem I'm permitting divergence and because I had only to glance at the list of contributors—let alone the name of the editor—to know that I was in for disagreements, many of them fundamental. But disagreements are integral to a critical work. My differences with *Cinema* go beyond opinion.

The range of qualities in the articles stretches from those, of whatever critical stance, intended to enlighten down to the hermetic, self-promotive, cliquish, and deplorable. Here are some from the brighter end of the spectrum. Busby Berkeley and Kon Ichikawa are lucidly treated by John Gillett, W. C. Fields and Buster Keaton by David Robinson. Griffith and Pudovkin get intelligent close analysis from Vlada Petric. (The biographical note on Petric refers to "her" previous works, which doubtless surprised him.) I also admired, among others, Elliott Stein on Capra, André Hodeir on the Marx Brothers, P. Adams Sitney on Kirsanoff, Claude Ollier on Sternberg, Giulio Cesare Castello on Italian silent cinema, and the late Henri Langlois on the origins of French cinema and of German cinema. (In the latter article Langlois develops the idea of the interrelation between German film and theater in the 1920s that was raised by Lotte Eisner in *The Haunted Screen*.) If I had to crown a favorite in the book, it would be Donald Richie on Mizoguchi, an article that seems to me exemplary for a dictionary of this kind.

The list of my dissatisfactions is longer. A few samples only. The entries by Noel Burch seem more polemics for a position in film theory than attempts to mediate between subject and reader. The entries by Jean-André Fieschi, translated from the French, seem exercises in flatulence. Fieschi on Harold Lloyd: " . . . idealism and realism mesh, in the man with the horn-rimmed glasses, like the workings of an

Films Worth Seeing

Best Boy. Ira Wohl's documentary about his quietly heroic aunt and her mentally retarded 52-year-old son. Reticently, lovingly made.

Coal Miner's Daughter. The first half is excellent—life in Appalachia. It dwindles into a trite second half, but Sissy Spacek, acting and singing as Loretta Lynn, is affecting throughout.

Incorrigible. Philippe de Broca, a kind of mirror-image of Samuel Beckett, is being light-hearted again. *He's* incorrigible. And so, happily, is Jean-Paul Belmondo.

Soupcon. The man who made *Cousin, Cousine* is getting better at the job of pleasant fibbing.

SK

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

automaton." So *that's* how automatons work. Fieschi's rhapsody on Straub is so ecstatically useless that Roud has to write a very long prelude to it—the only such prelude—in order for the reader to decipher it.

John Russell Taylor, who contributes a great deal, tells us:

> Cocteau concentrated on another potentiality of the cinema: as well as moving an action around to many more locations than the theater would allow, it can come in closer, it can explore in more detail the geography of the human face, it can physically involve the spectator in the action instead of keeping him at the safe, uniform distance of the theater.

This news in itself is worth $75.

Geoffrey Nowell-Smith, who has written a dubious book on Visconti, adds to his dubiousness on that subject. "*Senso* is unashamedly expressionistic." Just like *The Cabinet of Dr. Caligari*, eh? A critic who can use that term about one of the most romantic films in the world catalogue is demonstratedly defective.

Robin Wood, in my view, goes through the same metamorphoses here as elsewhere. I often begin an article of his with an impression of intellect, lively and perceptive, and then I'm brought up short—not by difference of opinion but by leakage of film-journal gas. His entry on Leo McCarey is rewarding until one comes to: "The standard two-shot of the Hollywood cinema, in which the characters are balanced within the frame on terms of perfect equality, has a general significance as an expression of democracy which takes on particular meaning in the work of McCarey, where it becomes an artistic principle." This means, then, that two-shots were not "standard" outside Hollywood? That in Hollywood they were not used as a narrative device but for social-political implication? That McCarey consciously decided to enrich this social-political use with aesthetic values? And that Wood can discern the difference? Let us pass politely to the next paragraph.

I won't comment on Roud's articles nor on his editorial wobbles in permitting some articles to appear as they do. (I don't mean grammatical and factual errors which, without checking many facts, don't seem to exceed an acceptable minimum.) I'll concentrate on Roud's chief offense (the precise word): his postscripts to all the articles, some of them lengthy. In his introduction he justifies these postscripts as supplements, because he had to give his contributors a cut-off date of 1975 and because he wanted to supply bibliographical references. He adds: "Whenever relevant, I have also indicated the existence of different views. . . ." Those different views are almost always his own, are intrusive, and are often harassing of the articles that he commissioned.

Some instances. After Jan Dawson's (good) article on Bergman: " . . . there seems to be no one (except myself) who has any doubts that Bergman is one of the greatest directors in the history of the cinema." Of what utility is *that* differing view? After Taylor on Clair: "I would have agreed with Taylor about *Les Grands Manoeuvres* a few years ago. Unfortunately, after a recent viewing I felt that it did not really hold up." So Taylor gets only B plus? After Richie on Mizoguchi: " . . . my own preferences go to Ozu rather than Mizoguchi; but it is only fair to say that this is very much a minority view, and one which probably says more about me than about Ozu and Mizoguchi." If that's the case, then why offer the view? Is our interest in Roud supposed to be equivalent to that in those two great artists? Roud even pushes himself into the caption of a photograph—from *Gösta Berlings Saga*: "Carey finds 'little suggestion of the magnificence of the later Garbo' in this film. I disagree."

So these authors have been asked to contribute articles, it seems, in order for the editor to top them—to serve as the editor's "feed." Whether or not they object, the effect on the reader is worse than irritating. (Sometimes a postscript calls the preceding article "brilliant" which is differently intrusive and offensive.) Roud apparently failed to face from the start the basic condition of a critical dictionary: that it must contain many opinions with which he disagrees a little or a lot. His excuse for the postscripts on the ground that he wants to show the "existence of different views" is pretty thin: what reader would not assume that different views exist? Roud's postscripts mostly exhibit his itch to get on stage as much as possible, like a compère who is constitutionally unable to introduce and disappear. His insertions seem intended less to prove diversity than superiority.

They are doubly damaging. First, they cheapen the tone of the book, which was intended as a lasting reference work, with a strong taint of party backchat and journalistic bickering. (Imagine the

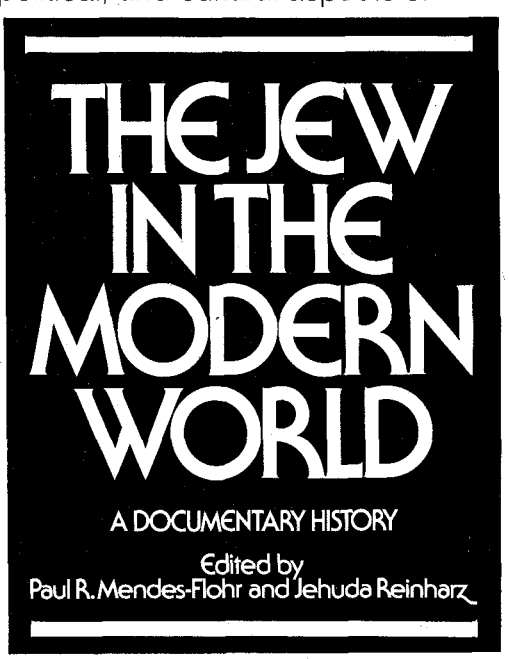
"An excellent, exhaustive and many-sided collection."
—Jacob Katz, Hebrew University, Jerusalem

A sourcebook of over 200 primary documents—annotated and placed within their historical context—this work illuminates social, political, and cultural aspects of Jewish history from the 18th century through the early 1950s.

"A rich compilation of sources which illuminate the problems of the modern Jew over the last 200 years....An impressive work of scholarship."
—Gerson D. Cohen, Jewish Theological Seminary of America

544 pages, $25.00

OXFORD UNIVERSITY PRESS
200 Madison Avenue
New York, N.Y. 10016



LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

equivalent of that Garbo caption in *Grove's Dictionary of Music and Musicians.*) Second, they suggest that what Roud secretly wanted to do was to write a one-man critical dictionary and that he's getting it on the cheap, letting others write the bulk of it and then coming on to set them right. The obvious comparison here is David Thomson. His *Biographical Dictionary of Film* is, as he says in the introduction, "Personal, Opinionated and Obsessive." It's also all his. Among its virtues (and its welcome exacerbations) is its implicit continuous cross-reference: you read Thomson's article on J knowing that it comes from the mind that wrote the piece on F. Roud seems to be after the same end without the same work: he wants to personalize the film world while riding on others.

But perhaps the film world is still too young to produce a mature critical dictionary, neither bland like the *Oxford Companion* (as Wood rightly said) nor internecine. Perhaps the very youth of the film art makes it seem still open to critical conquest, which is what many of the contributors to *Cinema* convey. In anthropology Robert Ardrey termed this impulse the Territorial Imperative.

Much of *Cinema* is helpful. More of it is not and was not visibly meant to be so. **And his purportedly big work, projected as a massive landmark, is further diminished by its bumptious editor, continually nagging his authors and us.**

Reconsideration.

Flannery O'Connor's 'Wise Blood'

by Robert Coles

In the last years of her writing life, for all the pain, uncertainty, and physical frustration caused by the disease lupus erythematosus, Flannery O'Connor had quite obviously mastered the craft of constructing a tight yet powerfully suggestive short story. In "Parker's Back," for instance, her lifelong interest in religion, and specifically in the distinctions between Catholic and Protestant theology, got worked beautifully into a funny, sad plot. She never for a moment lost control of her characters. Every word is just right. Symbols are all over the place, yet one is not distracted by them. Things move along fast, as the medium requires, but a spell is soon upon the reader—who may, weeks later, find it hard to forget Parker and Sarah Ruth Cates Parker and her straight Gospel talk and all that went on between them. O'Connor was an extremely able practitioner of what is called in hospitals "minor surgery": she had a keen eye for boils in need of lancing; she was well prepared to do the job. She wielded a quick, exact knife. The patient might not go home fully aware of why that boil got going in the first place, but plenty of hints were supplied and there's just so much time a cutting doctor has, or an incisive storyteller.

The novel, however, lends itself to the more leisurely and speculative side of things—the internist's slow, painstaking diagnostic forays. O'Connor had a good deal of trouble with her two novels; they took a lot out of her before they were done, and she had serious doubts about the success of the second one, *The Violent Bear It Away.* The first one, *Wise Blood,* seems to have pleased her more; certainly it earned her a reputation as an exceedingly "different" writer, who could shrewdly draw upon regional life in the service of the most demanding, problematic kind of diagnosis—that of a particular civilization's spiritual malaise. She worked on the novel for years. (This year a movie has been made of it, directed by John Huston; see Stanley Kauffmann's review, *TNR,* March 15.) Her letters in 1948 are full of talk about the novel she was struggling with—what she hoped to do, and what her own publisher, at the time, incorrectly believed her to be doing. "I am a very slow worker," she told her future agent, as she wrote of her plans for *Wise Blood.* When some of it was done, and in the hands of her editor, she anticipated the worst—and got it:

> The criticism is vague and really tells me nothing except that they don't like it. I feel the objections they raise are connected with its virtues, and the thought of working with them specifically to correct these lacks they mention is repulsive to me. The letter is addressed to a slightly dim-witted Camp Fire Girl, and I cannot look with composure on getting a life time of others like them.

A lot of Flannery in that, her friends might have said. She eventually found a spiritual home at Farrar, Straus and Giroux, which published *Wise Blood* in 1952. By then she had survived the terrible onslaught of the same disease that took her father's life when she was only 15 and had gone home to Georgia to spend her remaining years in Milledgeville with a strong-minded and necessarily protective mother, to whom the novel is dedicated. It was the product, we were told by the author in 1962, a decade after publication and two years before her death at 39, of someone "congenitally innocent of theory, but one with certain preoccupations." We were also given this retrospective comment: "That belief in Christ is to some a matter of life and death has been a stumbling block for readers who would prefer to think it a matter of no great consequence."

More of Flannery. Hers was an intellectual's anti-intellectualism. In her letters, too, there were constant sideswipes at "theory," at social science, at the cosmopolitan Yankee world of literary and academic life. She had a strong religious appetite, apparent to the visitor who regards the books she once treasured, now located at Georgia State College, her alma mater. *Wise Blood* got plenty of negative reactions—comments that, ironically, indicated disbelief: obvious talent, but a weird bunch of people from that strangest of American locales, the South's Bible Belt. Perhaps the critical reaction to *Wise Blood* helped sharpen her own wonderful polemical writing: "Of course I have found that anything that comes out of the South is going to be called grotesque by the Northern reader, unless it is grotesque, in which case it is going to be called realistic"; and in the same vein, "Whenever I'm asked why Southern writers particularly have a penchant for writing about freaks, I say it is because we are still able to recognize one." A small, fragile person, she didn't mess around, and she had no trouble taking care of herself.

The principal character of *Wise Blood,* Hazel Motes, is a young war veteran who has come home to his parents' east Tennessee farm only to find it abandoned. He sets out on the train to Taulkinham, a city where people have

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

lots to talk about. He's "going to do some things" there—a southern country boy, the grandson of a preacher, on his way to find a destiny. But *Wise Blood* is hardly the conventional novel of youthful initiation. The author is for a while almost spoofing the genre—for example, with a hilarious encounter between Haze, as he gets called in the narration, and Mrs. Leora Watts, whose capabilities are publicly advertised in the men's room of the Taulkinham railroad station: "The friendliest bed in town!" On the way there in a cab, we get exchanges between the driver and Haze which tell us what is to come. "You look like a preacher," Haze is told. "Get this: I don't believe in anything," Haze soon enough insists. And shortly Mrs. Watts will hear an even more strenuous version: "I'm no goddam preacher."

Well, of course, he most certainly is one. It doesn't take him long to spot Asa Hawks, a supposedly blind martyr to Christ, who exhorts and begs the city folks on their way in and out of stores, to and from meetings. Beside him is his daughter, Sabbath Lily Hawks, whose comely features catch Haze's attention. And it doesn't take another country boy, Enoch Emery, long to spot Haze. As for the reader who tries to make the acquaintance of these strangely driven and possessed people, it soon becomes apparent to him or to her that the blind are indeed leading the blind. Hawks is a fraud, we discover—a man on the make: he pretends helplessness to get money. **Enoch is a lonely but delightfully enterprising youth, eager for someone, something to believe in. In the hands of a more sentimental writer (Carson McCullers, say) he'd steal the show from** Haze—the appealing naif, anxious to form a "relationship." For O'Connor, he is an occasion for humor and guile. She manages a few lessons on idolatry, without the slightest didacticism, and mostly gets us to laugh and laugh, as Enoch watches zoo monkeys carry on, and takes Haze, who has the two Hawks on his mind, to meet a glass-encased mummy in a museum of sorts. Eventually Enoch joins a crowd of children, excited by the prospect of shaking hands with Gonga, a gorilla. It is a silly traveling show, but the youth is turned on. He becomes obsessed with the "animal" and is determined to follow in his footsteps—meaning, seize the uniform from the man wearing it. The deed is done inside a truck, and soon thereafter a gorilla thoroughly scares a couple enjoying a roadside bench. Enoch is a reminder of our empty-headed,

gullible bestiality—our pitiable vulnerability to the various noises, pretenses, dramatic tricks of this world. His carryings-on are also a particular novelist's occasion for having a little fun.

It becomes harder and harder as one turns the pages of *Wise Blood* to laugh with or at Haze. He announces himself as one who speaks on behalf of "The Church Without Christ." He elaborates:

> I'm a member and preacher to that church where the blind don't see and the lame don't walk and what's dead stays that way. Ask me about that church and I'll tell you it's the church that the blood of Jesus don't foul with redemption.

He goes further—the cleverly worded testimony, redneck style, of the Anti-Christ. The author, in the topsy-turvy, caricatured world of Taulkinham, gives us ourselves—a country full of gadgetry, greed, calculation, phoniness, loud-mouthed claims and exaggerations, confidence men (and women), hucksters—all dressed up in pietistic avowals of various kinds. She is mercilessly sardonic as she introduces Hoover Shoats, another evangelical fraud, and Solace Layfield, his sidekick—who resembles Haze, and gets run over by him. Haze's attempt to deny God is, of course, a measure of his moral seriousness, the desperate nature of his religious search. He is, O'Connor would say long after *Wise Blood* appeared, "a Christian malgré-lui." He exposes the conceits and deceits, the plain foolishness or moral blindness of just about everyone he meets—all the while denying strenuously his own ethical superiority. His almost perverse modesty and lack of pretentiousness begins to grow on the reader. There is a freshness to his reversals of conventional (and badly tainted, if not wretchedly betrayed) Christian pieties: "No truth behind all truths is what I and this church preach! Where you come from is

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

gone, where you thought you were going to never was there, and where you are is no good unless you can get away from it. Where is there a place for you to be? No place."

But this down-home existentialism is not offered in the tones of fashionable 20th-century despair. Haze is a prophet denouncing what prophesy has come to, hereabouts and now. And in the story, he is testing, always testing: is there any truth to what his eyes and ears find? In the end, his answer is no. He blinds himself. He ties barbed wire around his chest. He puts stones in his shoes. The pain of the world takes him over completely. He dies in a squad car, having been found in a ditch. His decent but self-centered and greedy landlady, Mrs. Flood, has not been able to comprehend him, try though she eventually does. The irony is powerful: a calculating woman who tries hard to see what a blind man is up to, and can't do so. Haze has been touched by grace; she is "blocked" in her yearning to be part of what he has left to join.

Whatever O'Connor's theological interests, she does her work of character portrayal and narrative presentation well enough to avoid lectures. Her eye for the possibilities of satire is first-rate. She was politically somewhat conservative, and she never took to the swift social changes in the South that she only lived to see begin. But *Wise Blood* is a truly radical novel—full of scorn for the "principalities and powers" so many of us worship blindly: Mammon, Caesar, and not least, Satan set up in his digs as the local minister. The writing is lean, powerful, brilliantly suggestive. The humor is wild, yet terribly appropriate in its caustic attention to a range of our 20th-century American obsessions. The landscapes are the familiar O'Connor ones: those ominous black skies, those stars that puzzle us so, the silver streaks of clouds, an occasional fiery sun, and the dark woods that loom in the distance of so many scenes—plain old Baldwin County, Georgia, all right, if not some indeterminate spot, half way between heaven and hell.

Decade of Decision
by Michael Harrington
(Simon & Schuster; $11.95)

The word decade has become popular shorthand for describing the cycles of American politics and culture. Nothing inherent in the logic of history, of course, requires that it slice itself into neat 10-year pieces. At best, the fit is rough. Did the 1960s begin with the pre-1960 civil rights movement? Or was it with Jack Kennedy's election . . . or his assassination? Did the 1970s begin with the Arab oil boycott in 1973? Still, there does seem to be a decennial rhythm of sorts to our public life. Whether the 1980s will last for five, 10, or 20 years, the idea of the coming "decade" is a powerful image for focusing on our destiny.

Already there is a consensus that the issues of the 1980s will be largely economic. The slow deterioration of the US economy over the last seven years, and the growing uneasiness over the world's shaky financial system, have taught us that the politics of the decade inevitably will be concerned with the maintenance of the American standard of living.

We already have had an opening signal of what the period might be like. The latest annual report of the Council of Economic Advisers—released, appropriately enough, in the first month of the decade—forecast higher unemployment, slow growth, and continued inflation. The report reflects much more than the failure of a single administration. (The Carter advisers, after all, are in spirit and perspective not significantly different from the economists who advised John F. Kennedy.) It reflects rather the bankruptcy of the basic assumption of American Keynesianism: that the upward trends of the immediate postwar period could be maintained by the simple manipulation of fiscal and monetary policy, and that the resulting economic growth would allow the nation to avoid politically sticky questions of income and wealth distribution. This assumption, which has dominated American economic policy-makers—Republicans and Democrats alike—since the 1930s, is now crumbling in the face of the new economic era of scarcities and slow growth. As a result, an entire generation of economists no longer has much of significance to say about poverty, decaying cities, and the erosion of living standards among the working middle class.

As a source of intellectual power and political inspiration, the Keynesian welfare state is dead. Politicians and intellectuals of the right have, of course, been saying as much for years. Now that political rigor mortis is beginning to set in they have seized the opportunity to make the case for Hooverism. A brave band of liberals remains with the corpse, hoping to breathe life back into the Great Society. But for the most part, liberal politicians are scurrying to save themselves from what they fear will be the long night of the right.

Against this background of social retreat, Michael Harrington's book is important. It is a polemic designed to stiffen the backbone of liberalism by reminding us of the simple errors and foolishness of the conservative program, and of our obligation to continue the evolution of progressive thought and action toward a more democratic and just society. As an important intellectual figure of the American left and an activist in every major liberal cause of the past two decades, Harrington is eminently qualified for the task. He is also a socialist, nonsectarian and democratic, but a socialist nonetheless, and so he brings to his work assumptions about the nature of modern capitalism that provide an illuminating framework for thinking about the next 10 years.

A large part of the book is not so much about the 1980s, however, as about the 1960s and 1970s. It describes the liberal left's failure to recognize the structural deficiencies in the American political economy—and how this led it to exaggerate the promise of the success of modest reforms, as well as to compromise its critique of corporate capitalism.

Harrington's central argument is that the issues facing the American economy do not involve "policy" so much as the structure of the system itself: our system is one in which the major investment decisions that shape the future for all of us are made on the basis of private rather than public costs and benefits. The point should be obvious.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Private corporate investment decisions are by far the major determinants of the economic context we live in. Yet the political dialogue continues to amount to little more than proposing minor changes in "public policy." To be sure, there is room here for argument. We think Harrington overemphasizes the importance of recent changes in industrial concentration in creating modern stagflation and underemphasizes the way new global resource problems and international rivalries interact with concentration in key industries. He is right, however, about the main point—that the structure of American investment policy is at the heart of our economic problems.

Failure to address questions involving control over capital was reflected in the 1960s liberalism of both radical and moderate styles. Street demonstrations against poverty and the government programs that followed were based on the common assumption that the problem lay in the people rather than in the system. Thus antipoverty programs sought to provide education and training on the assumption that poverty was a result of individual deficiency rather than the absence of full employment and decent jobs. The view from the streets was also obscured; by focusing on the insensitivity of individual corporation and government officials rather than on the nature of the institutions themselves, the demand for social justice was transformed into a quest for "affirmative action" in which a few blacks and women were given a boost up the competitive ladder. But so long as the number of places on the ladder did not increase, some people had to be out of work. Poverty and unemployment remained concentrated among minorities and households headed by females because they were the least competitive elements of the work force. And had the programs fully succeeded in making these groups more competitive, they would have exchanged their place on the bottom with someone else—a reality not lost on the white blue-collar workers who turned against the Great Society.

The long struggle to open up the educational system to minorities is an instructive case in point for Harrington. When blacks and Hispanics discovered the importance of education, they fought for a place in the system. But by focusing primarily on the school, Harrington argues, they were doomed to failure because the schools themselves functioned simply as part of

Important political books from Norton

"Stunning... serious scholarship that supports the theory that we have entered a new age of the presidency." –HUGH SIDEY, *Time*

THE PULSE OF POLITICS

Electing Presidents in the Media Age

By JAMES DAVID BARBER. A look beneath the surface of presidential campaigns that probes the dominant themes of presidential elections and shows how a new set of kingmakers, the journalists, affect our choice of a president. $14.95

"A lively and intelligent study of two formidable personalities."–ARTHUR SCHLESINGER, JR.

KENNEDY AND ROOSEVELT

The Uneasy Alliance

By MICHAEL R. BESCHLOSS. Foreword by James MacGregor Burns. "As exciting as it is authoritative, a cliffhanger in its revelation of these two titans moving from friendship to bare knuckles." –W.A. SWANBERG. Illustrated with photographs. $14.95

"The most stimulating discussion of Marxism that I've read." –JOSEPH P. LASH

MARXISM: For and Against

By ROBERT L. HEILBRONER. "A wonderfully concise and lucid summary of Karl Marx's ideas, and a trenchant examination of both their usefulness and limitations. I commend it." – CHRISTOPHER LEHMANN-HAUPT, *The New York Times* $9.95

"Illuminates aspects of Watergate that traditional explanations have obscured.... skillful and intelligent."*

THE MIND OF WATERGATE

An Exploration of the Compromise of Integrity

By LEO RANGELL, M.D. "Distinguished psychoanalyst Leo Rangell has written.... a 'psychochronicle' of the Watergate period .... Makes interpretations of the emotional life of the times, 'analytic' judgments about the health and rationality of Nixon, his staff, and the American public." – **The New Republic* $12.95

"Balanced, knowledgeable, and especially relevant to 1980."*

THE PROGRESSIVE PRESIDENTS

Theodore Roosevelt, Woodrow Wilson, Franklin D. Roosevelt, Lyndon B. Johnson

By JOHN MORTON BLUM. "A study of four controversial presidents that goes beyond the nature of their administrations and penetrates to fundamental questions of presidential power." –*JAMES MacGREGOR BURNS $11.95

At all bookstores

Norton

W.W. NORTON & COMPANY, INC., 500 Fifth Avenue, New York 10036

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

a labor market dominated by the corporate desire to expand the supply of skilled labor. In 1960, a college degree was valuable not so much because of its inherent qualities as because of its scarcity. Increasing the number of college graduates has clearly driven down the relative value of each degree.

It was not that minority leaders and liberals were ignorant of the links between corporate power and the educational system. But they accepted the central assumption that the growth of the US economy would guarantee a steady expansion of opportunities for which they could successfully compete. They hoped that the "ladder" would always be an upwardly moving escalator. This hope was dashed in the rolling economic crisis of the 1970s, which saw, among other things, the real income of working Americans in 1979 drop below the 1969 level.

In analyzing the crisis, Harrington skewers the fashionable fetishes of ex-liberals and neoconservatives about balanced budgets, capital shortages, and tax incentives. He is especially harsh on the efforts of comfortable academics to define unemployment and poverty away with statistical sleights of hand. The traditional escape route of liberalism—growth—is now closed, and the major concern of the book is how to get liberalism moving forward again in a new way. The goal Harrington urges is democratic control over the nation's basic economic resources—a goal, he hastens to add, that can be pursued only in small steps at a time.

Harrington believes—and we agree—that the unsettling conditions of the new economic era create possibilities for a political movement based on a progressive coalition of the poor, the disadvantaged, and the increasingly impoverished middle class. If this "progressive" coalition is not formed, a reactionary one inspired by a mean-spirited corporate socialism that pits workers, races, sexes, and regions against one another is likely to emerge out of the trauma of the economic crisis.

Is there a viable strategy for this new coalition? Beginning with the thesis that the American people are conservative in ideology but liberal in practice (i.e., against government in general but for most of the services that government provides), Harrington comes at the question programmatically. He advocates price controls on monopolies; sectoral policies like national health care and rationalized farm production and income support programs; control by workers of their own pension fund investments; tax reforms; and reform of the welfare and educational systems.

These are not extreme demands. Most conventional economists will admit the wisdom of using public authority to control prices in the absence of competition; a majority of Americans have supported national health care since the late 1940s. More than 30 years ago, Harry Truman's secretary of agriculture first proposed farm programs similar to those recommended by Harrington; the right of workers to prevent their pension savings from being used to strengthen foreign competition is certainly reasonable; and tax and welfare reform have been on the liberal agenda for years. Neither singly nor collectively will these reforms dramatically change the system. But Harrington believes that they will begin to chip away at the power and maneuverability of corporate America: "The solution of the structural crisis of the '70s and '80s requires subjecting . . . corporate power to democratic social control in hundreds of different ways."

Still, a laundry list of programs does not a long-term strategy make. There remains the question of ideology and vision. Harrington's political caution tells him that the best we can hope for in the 1980s is "the emergence of a revived liberalism . . . much more socialistic even though it will not, in all probability, be socialist." Yet it was precisely the narrow disparate goals of incremental liberalism that contributed to its demise. Without a moral and class perspective—and a much more coherent, explicit plan of action—liberalism collapsed when the money ran out.

Harrington does not duck the question of long-term strategy. But neither does he explore it in any depth. Mainly he seems to jump over it. Reaching into another dimension of the 1960s and 1970s—the *Consciousness III* of Charles Reich, the decentralized technology of Fritz Schumacher, and the anti-nuke movement—he suggests that a design for democratic control over the allocation of resources is slowly evolving in both thought and practice. He ends by identifying the core conceptual issue—the need for some centralization in order to construct a workable, decentralized planning system. But what the elements of such a system might look like—and how they might serve to help build a political strategy that takes us beyond the difficulties of the 1960s—are questions Harrington does not develop beyond broad generalizations.

Harrington is clearly on the right track, and his book is useful in its

MAP OF THE WORLD, Martin Frobisher, 1578

He sailed by this! Across short seas,
around misshapen continents. The rough
sense is there—the way a child might draw
with wax crayons the world it heard of.

Knowing the world as *we* do, as we have
come to know her, how crude this is—
a deformation of her features
into loose and simple symmetries:

South America is round! Between
the Pole and a pancake of our West
he has drawn a broad passage to Cathay
which lay there hungering to be possessed,

the great dome of her head bowed over
the route in formal welcome. Her body
richens down the map. Under a world
of ice he imagined the open arms of a sea.

He called this dream of water "Frobussher's Straightes,"
like my conceit when I sailed in, so knowing,
thinking I knew you then, and knew myself.
I need more facts to find you now.

Barry Goldensohn

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

critique of conservative nostrums and its cataloging of progressive structural reforms. He is also right that a revived American liberalism can succeed only if it is willing to face the issue of democratic planning, with all of its contradictions and difficulties. And only a new vision of economic planning can cement together the elements of a progressive coalition—including the thousands of small businessmen, builders, farmers, and others who are being ruined by the economic crisis of the 1980s.

The need for a new paradigm, a new context, for the debate on planning is fundamental. Despite the fact that the present system of corporate-dominated and corporate-planned markets is collapsing, the case for democratic planning remains weka when viewed simply as a reform. So long as primary power over the investment decisions that determine the shape of society remains in the hands of the major banks and corporations, public sector planning will remain a discredited liberal device to limit, restrain, and delay—rather than a dynamic tool for getting on with what we believe our nation ought to be doing.

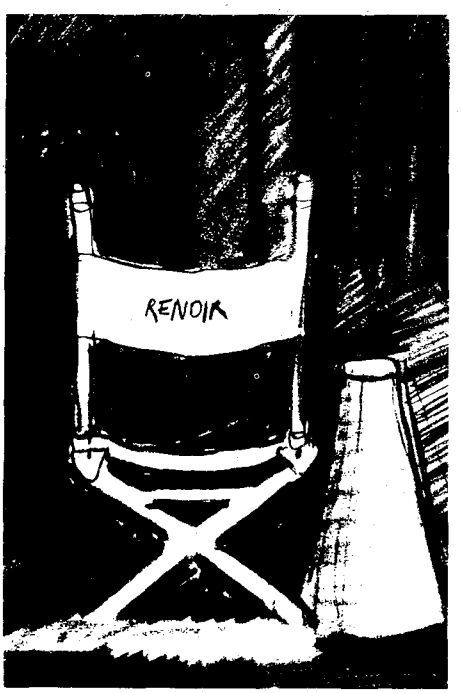
That debate over the recent federal bail-out of the Chrysler Corporation illustrates the need for a new planning paradigm. The conservative position (as distinct from the position of "conservatives") was that the will of the market should not be interfered with, that the company should be allowed to go under, and that the affected workers and communities should fend for themselves. The liberal position was that the company should be subsidized in order to maintain jobs and the stability of the communities that depended on the firm.

Given a national accounting system that considers the avoidance of unemployment and dislocation as compensations for the cost of the bail-out, a case can be made for supporting the people and the communities that now depend on Chrysler. An additional case can be made that much of the physical structure of the company—its plant and equipment, its transportation network, its engineering capacity, etc., ought to be preserved. But in view of the long-term economic problems facing the nation, it is very hard to make the case that Chrysler should be preserved to make whatever kind of private automobile its marketing division can lure the public into buying. If the national treasury is going to invest the money and effort to keep the company going, why not use this opportunity to serve the higher priority needs of the country—the production of mass transit vehicles and railway equipment, for example, or even new solar and bio-mass conversion equipment? Such a decision obviously would require a public initiative to define the nation's transportation and renewable energy needs more explicitly, and to induce the allocation of the necessary capital. Serious economic planning would mean recreating Chrysler as an investment for the nation's future rather than as a subsidized museum.

In the context of substantive planning, a job for every able-bodied person who wants one is a viable economic goal. But in this new era realizing this traditional liberal aim requires moving beyond bankrupt Keynesian fiscal and monetary tactics. The development of a new paradigm for planning must not only redefine economic issues, it must also take the images suggested by Schumaker and others more seriously, particularly their stress on the links between democracy and community and the importance of appropriate scale. This requires that a "revised liberalism" think about economics in quite different strategic categories. Thus, for example, the idea of community full employment—a goal that stresses the need for balanced economic growth—is more concordant with a decentralized planning mode than would be the conventional macro-economic abstraction of full employment. A revised liberal approach would also focus on the contradiction between uncontrolled corporate decisions about where to locate, and the need to plan for local community economic stability. Similarly, the demand that the prices of life's basic necessities—food, shelter, energy, health care—be stabilized links the discussion of inflation with the central political question of planning for human needs. Such structural strategies not only raise the issues of a "revived liberalism"; they also are respectful of honest conservative concerns over the centralization of power and the debasement of the currency. Harrington touches on these themes, but leaves open space between his laundry list and the long-term vision of his last few pages.

It is easy for the jaded former liberal, comfortable in his or her new cynicism,

JEAN RENOIR
THE FRENCH FILMS, 1924-1939
BY ALEXANDER SESONSKE



Renoir's French films – from *Grand Illusion* to *The Rules of the Game*, from *Chotard et Cie.* to *Charleston*. In detail. In stills. In his own words, "With Sesonske's book I have my arch of triumph." Cloth $25.00, paper $9.95
Harvard Film Studies

Also in the series: **The World Viewed:** *Reflections on the Ontology of Film*, Enlarged Edition by Stanley Cavell.
Cloth $12.50, paper $5.95

Coming attractions include a shot-by-shot Godard film analysis, American comedies of the '30s, and Hitchcock's hits.

HARVARD UNIVERSITY PRESS
Cambridge, Massachusetts 02138

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

to believe that serious hope for progressive change in the next decade is pie in the sky. The world of Proposition 13, cut-the-budget Democrats, and the militarization of foreign policy hardly seems big with bright prospects. Harrington's book is important, therefore, because it demonstrates that a close look at the difficulties facing the country—and the myriad local responses to them—shows that preconditions for serious political changes lie beneath the surface of the crisis. Rent control measures follow Proposition 13; the anti-nuke movement halts the atomic power industry; polls show an increasing hostility toward big corporations; activists are forming a new political party. The most important factor is that neither traditional liberal nor conservative economic programs offer much serious guidance for solving the new economic problems we face. Nor do they give us a sense of the uses to which our great wealth might be put if we addressed the future positively. Nevertheless, at some point new answers will be necessary. And, looking backward, who would have thought that the staid gray flannel suit conservatism of the Eisenhower years would have led to the 1960s?

Gar Alperovitz
Jeff Faux

Gar Alperovitz and *Jeff Faux* are co-directors of the National Center for Economic Alternatives, which is developing proposals for restructuring the United States economy. Their forthcoming book, *Rebuilding America*, will be published by Simon & Schuster in early 1981.

At Odds: Women and the Family in America from the Revolution to the Present by Carl N. Degler

(Oxford University Press; $19.95)

Carl Degler's preface warns us that his is a hazardous enterprise, indeed "an exercise in foolhardiness" that "seeks to deal in a single volume with two different historical subjects," both very new. Not only are the two subjects—women and the family—intertwined, but "in order to understand one, the other must also be understood." The primary argument and the basic assumption is "that the equality of women and the institution of the family have long been at odds with one another. The historic family has depended for its existence and character on women's subordination."

Having delivered this portentous proclamation, the book proceeds to meander through more than two centuries of American and European history. The industrious author has judiciously rummaged about in the secondary sources; and he pulls his findings together accurately. The faults of his work arise not from small errors of detail, but from large failings of understanding, indeed of common sense. Alas, the evidence assembled runs counter to the implications of the title and to the thesis stated in the preface.

Women entered upon the path to subordination with the emergence of the modern American family after the Revolution. The changes that ensued confined them to a separate sphere of domesticity and motherhood, while subsequent alterations in child-rearing patterns deepened feminine subjugation, as did the softening of the fathers' role. True, women then discovered their sisterhood, often were able to remain single, and more readily escaped the bonds of matrimony by way of liberalized divorce laws. True too, largely through their efforts fertility declined as did the number of children in a family. Furthermore, through the social purity movement, wives reduced their husbands' prerogatives and freed themselves to organize in aggressive movements for reform and other objectives. But by doing so they actually plunged more steeply down the road to inequality, as when entry into the labor force led to protective legislation that in the end only confirmed female inferiority. Nor did suffrage bring equality closer, for the vote left the confining family intact. Thus unfolds the tale told by *At Odds*.

Subordination therefore displays an unexpected guise, not imposed by violence or laws but by affection and esteem, not resisted but embraced so that even protests, until the 1960s, sucked the victims into deeper dependence. The chains of this relationship were not of iron or even of gold, but of silk, less often spun of exploitative brutality than of affection, esteem, and protective concern.

The preface reveals the false lead that led Degler astray. There is nothing at all hazardous about combining the history of the family and the history of women. Indeed it is impossible to deal adequately with the one subject without dealing with the other. Or to treat either without considering children, or the aged, or men. Nor are these totally new subjects. Generation after generation of social historians have analyzed them in their own fashion.

At Odds is, however, evidence of a shift in historiographic fashions. The family long provided stock material for social historians; but the ways of treating it have changed. In the general process of creeping academic specialization, little subgroups have marked out their own private research areas, sometimes defined by technical consideration, sometimes by external advantage. Each small field has acquired its own forms of expertise; and within each, the toilers burrow away without awareness either of their neighbors' operations or of the whole terrain. Now and again these efforts yield valuable products. All too often dry weeds are the only harvest.

Family studies and women's studies are among these recent subspecialties—separate not in subject matter but in techniques of investigation. Family history, austerely impersonal and abstract, has developed largely through demographic and statistical modes of inquiry; women's history, largely descriptive but laced with feminist activism, rests primarily upon evidence from written sources, literary and personal. That there has been so little contact across fences exposes the shortsightedness of the investigators within each field. Family historians have indeed sometimes written without taking note of the living humans involved; and some practitioners of women's history have allowed only callous exploiters to share

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

their subjects' stories. Above all, the narrowed vision prevents both sets of researchers from perceiving the whole context within which the lives of their subjects unfolded. Men and women formed families in communities; they functioned in societies; and they earned their livelihoods and obeyed the laws in productive and political systems. To detach one set of relationships from the others makes any effort at understanding futile.

The consequences of his academic blinders crop up throughout Professor Degler's book. The discussion of suffrage, for instance, plunges through a thicket of unanswered questions. Why the long delay before sexual distinctions ceased to limit access to the ballot? Why did the issue fail to interest most women? Or, for that matter, most men? Why did the Nineteenth Amendment finally slip through as casually as it did? Why did it make so little difference? The answers lie not in the history of women or of the family but of the government as it affected and was affected by people. These questions about the vote gain a little clarity when we recall that the privilege did not extend to all males in the 19th century, and that many to whom it did extend, then and later, never bothered to exercise it. The important issue was access to political power, valued, at some times and places but not at others, shared by some and not by others, with sex not usually, but occasionally, a factor.

Chapter after chapter discusses as peculiar to women developments that affected men also. The number of single females increases after 1850. So does the number of males. By the 1890s about a quarter of the adults in large cities remain unmarried. Family considerations affect the work wives do; also that husbands do. Divorce is not simply a remedy for the grievances of women; men too are among the plaintiffs. Compartmentalized research that examines evidence for one sex only will fail to take the measure of problems that really affect both.

Again, *At Odds* puzzles over the reduction of family size after 1820. Certainly the problem is significant since the decline in fertility came in response to profound social and intellectual changes. Probing the hows and whys, Professor Degler tries to judge whether the shift was the result of a choice by either the man or the woman, assuming that it had to involve a conflict between superior and subordinate. In actuality, the decision affected not only

"Here it is, your worst suspicion about campaigning confirmed."*

Money in Congressional Elections

Gary C. Jacobson

"The most important factor in beating an incumbent congressman, Jacobson says, is raising money. Oh, looks, charm, issues, maybe a splash of integrity helps, but most of your clout comes from the purse. . . . And his argument is convincing."—*The Washington Monthly** $15.00

Who Votes?

Raymond E. Wolfinger and Steven J. Rosenstone

Elections are at the heart of the American political system, but in 1976 only 54% of the voting age population went to the polls. "From Census Bureau surveys in 1972 and 1974, Wolfinger and Rosenstone have come to an array of significant, sometimes startling conclusions about U.S. voting patterns and voters' behavior."—*The Kirkus Reviews*

A New Yale Fastback Cloth $15.00 Paper $3.95

Yale University Press

New Haven and London

What is contemporary China really like?

How should the West interpret China's new pragmatism; the dissent; the growing consumerism? Is Mao's ideology dead? These are crucial issues for anyone concerned about China policy, economic or business relations.

The answers emerge in this highly readable book which focuses on the analysis of China's urban and rural development since the Revolution.

Rhoads Murphey – an eminent China authority – skillfully pieces together a coherent picture. He also compares China's development to India's. The achievements of these very different political systems present some surprises and have relevance to Third World development.

A must for policy-makers, planners, economists and anyone concerned with business in China.

The Fading of the Maoist Vision

City and Country in China's Development

Rhoads Murphey

$12.95 hardcover, illustrated

Methuen

733 Third Avenue, New York 10017

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the marriage partners but also their children. For husbands and wives often resolved to limit the number of their offspring in the deepest affection for each other and for their sons and daughters who required an appropriate stake in life. Hence birth control was a practice of the middle classes, not wealthy enough to escape anxiety, not poor enough to have lost hope. The prospects of upward and downward social mobility, the available housing stock, and ideas about the future all played a part in these intimate choices. The freedom and obligation implicit in each decision was certainly a source of emotional tension, but the driving force was more often love than sexual conflict. But then, love, defined in *At Odds* as a postrevolutionary manifestation, appears but rarely in its story of either the family or of women.

Repeatedly Degler returns instead to "the heart of the problem, that is, women's subordination in the family." By subordination, of course, he does not really mean subordination, but rather the lack of "full equality," evidence of which he finds in the willingness of women to accept roles in the family and society different from those of men. His, then, is an ideal of equality intolerant of differentiation even when voluntary, an ideal alien to the American realities and incapable of explaining the life of the people of the past. The creatures of flesh and blood, male and female, who inhabited this country sought happiness and success and worried about duty and responsibility. Uniformity, equality in Degler's sense, never crossed their consciousnesses.

Oscar Handlin

Oscar Handlin, professor of history at Harvard, is author of *Truth in History* (Harvard University Press).

The Ultimate Tyranny: The Majority Over the Majority by Eugene McCarthy

(Harcourt Brace Jovanovich; $12.95)

It's not really fair to talk about what a book should have been, as opposed to what it is, but in this case the temptation is impossible to resist. This book should have been a straightforward, impassioned account of Eugene McCarthy's war against the federal election laws. It should have started with his participation in the legal challenge to the establishment of the Federal Election Commission by Congress in 1974. It should have gone on to describe the Thomist nuttiness of the FEC once it went into operation. And it should have ended with a flourish by recounting McCarthy's campaign for president in 1976, which was stymied at every turn by the courts, the press, the FEC, even the League of Women Voters—all of whom had helped create a system whose intention was to reform but whose effect was to give an exclusive franchise to the Democratic and Republican parties. McCarthy might even have called for more heed to be paid to the place of numerical minorities in politics.

All that is in this book, and it's argued convincingly; but it's framed not as McCarthy's own story but as a vague, rambling discourse on what he sees as an epochal crisis in the governance of the United States. Why did he mistakenly choose that course? I have two theories. First, a book about American Government In Crisis sounds more repectable and statesmanlike than a book about How I Lost A Long-Shot Presidential Race. Second, evidently his 1976 experiences embittered McCarthy to the point of solipsism; in other words, he truly seems to believe that every outrage visited on him by the government was a crucial step on the road to national ruin.

There is, then, a lot of exaggeration here, even beyond the fundamental exaggeration of maintaining that the election laws are the ultimate tyranny. For instance, McCarthy begins the book by explaining that intellectual, artistic, political, and economic freedom in this country are in grave peril, without ever really demonstrating that they are. In the same portentous vein, he refers repeatedly to the American Revolution and the founding fathers on the one hand (we're getting away from their vision . . .) and to Adolf Hitler on the other (. . . and we're moving toward his), as if to establish the gravity of the situation. When it doesn't completely supplant argument, this kind of overblown comparison overwhelms it. At one point, discussing the idea of the FEC as a guardian of American political purity, McCarthy writes, "This Platonic concept of pure guardians runs clearly counter to the conception of representative government, which involves some degree of dependence." Good point, if developed. But McCarthy kills it with two quick reductio-ad-absurdum sentences: "President Nixon in the Watergate proceedings became 'his own man,' above the law and beyond accountability, he seemed to believe. Adolf Hitler, too, reached the status of being 'his own man.' "

This same air of ominousness hangs over all aspects of the book, great and small; McCarthy can summon forth the jackboots on the stairway in sweeping generalities and in quotidian specifics as well. The Constitution is being subverted. The " 'free press' is more fiction than fact." The FBI "may become a greater threat to liberty than it was under J. Edgar Hoover." Those charges need no detailing. But when McCarthy refuses to comply with an FEC audit and the television networks flirt with the idea of doing a story about it and then change their minds, it's worth exploring at more length. "The explanation given us by the network spokesperson," McCarthy writes, "was 'no confrontation, no story' even though within weeks, television networks devoted program segments to an empty baseball field in which a World Series game would have been played had rain not postponed it, and a football stadium empty because of a strike by the players." The ill will McCarthy bears against those who have wronged him is so strong that it vitiates his ability to discriminate between what is relevant—or even interesting—and what is not.

For that reason, he also fills the book with excruciatingly detailed passages, the importance of which it is difficult to discern. He criticizes, one by one, each of the 11 most recent amendments to the Constitution. He quotes at great length from each of three lawyers' arguments and each of three dissenting opinions in his case against the FEC, and then goes through the same exercise in describing the case's appeal. He devotes five pages to quoting in toto a memo from Stewart Mott to the FEC; quotes several

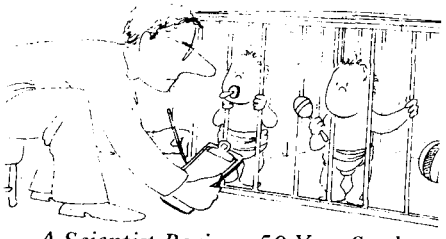
LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

GAY LIFE.
WITHOUT APOLOGIES.

Now more then ever America needs a serious and sophisticated gay magazine. From coast to coast *Christopher Street* has been hailed as the publication that has made the biggest difference to the gay world (and its straight friends).
And that's because *Christopher Street* has never been accused of handling gay life with kid gloves. We haven't been afraid to take on topics like growing

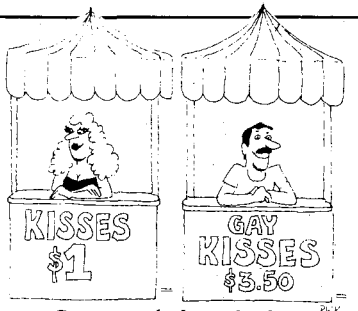
"It was between the priesthood and homosexuality, so I chose the more spiritual experience."

older in the gay world, the new masculinity of gay men, poppers, sex therapy, problematic love affairs, the life of Harvey Milk, women against porn and the violence in Key West.
Our essays are tough and thought provoking, unflinching in their appraisals of the strengths and weaknesses of the emerging gay world. Our fiction is



A Scientist Begins a 50-Year Study on Homosexual Couples

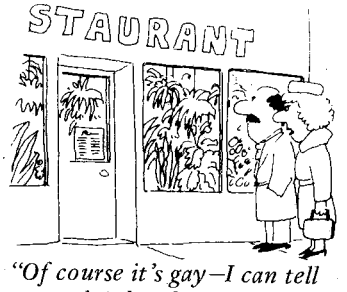
breaking new ground for future writers and readers. Our reviews give you a unique perspective on the arts. Our cartoons you already know about.
If you think that gay life needs to be discussed thoroughly by gay and straight



Gay people have higher discretionary incomes.

people, and you want to hear what some of the sharpest minds are outlining as the possibilities for more creative, fulfilling and meaningful gay lives, than a subscription to *Christopher Street* is one of the best investments you can make.

"I love the poet in you. I hope you can love the accountant in me."



"Of course it's gay—I can tell by the plants!"

If you want to sample *Christopher Street*, send us $3.00, and we'll mail you our May issue via first class. (Our May issue features an interview with Jacqueline Livingston whose nude photograhs are changing the way we look at the male nude.

"This bar used to be fun, before everyone decided to write a gay novel."

Christopher Street

For Master Charge and Visa Orders Only:
Call TOLL FREE (800) 621-5809. Illinois Residents call (800) 972-5858

CHRISTOPHER STREET MAGAZINE
250 West 57th Street, Suite 417, New York, N.Y. 10019

☐Check/Money Order (encl) ☐Master Charge ☐Visa
☐1 Year $18.00(Foreign $28.00) ☐2 Years $34.00(Foreign $54.00)
☐3 Years $47.00(Foreign $77.00)
☐New Subscription ☐Renewal ☐ Send me the May issue first class ($3.00)

Name_____ Do not write in this box

Address_____

City/State/Zip_____

Account No._____ MC Interbank No._____

Exp. Date_____ Signature_____

CS is mailed in an envelope. Allow 6-8 weeks for delivery. NYR3

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

magazine articles for several paragraphs; and describes in detail his state-by-state effort to get on the ballot in 1976, including, again, long summaries of arguments, opinions, and dissents every time he went to court.

Putting all that aside, McCarthy does have something important to say. He marches under the banner of the politician who has no chance of winning but whose campaign ought to be able to exert some influence. Instead he endures slight after slight. The government severely limits political contributions to individual candidates like him, while allowing much larger contributions to parties. It even finances the two major candidates' fall campaigns, but no one else's. It allows the major parties to debate each other on television without applying the equal-time rules or the campaign spending laws or allowing anyone else to join in. It usually stands in the way of allowing anyone but the Democrats and the Republicans on the ballot.

It's conventional wisdom now that the major parties are dead, and this is partly true: the leaders of the Democratic and Republican parties have very little to say today about who will run for president (or any other major office) on their tickets and little control over those people once they're elected. Besides the demographic changes of the last generation, the main reason for this state of affairs is a series of reforms in the presidential nominating process that, in the name of direct democracy, have made the primaries important and conventions irrelevant. So the race for major-party nomination is much more open than it once was.

But once the primaries are over, a second series of reforms—the ones that annoy McCarthy so much, particularly the public financing laws and the limits on contributions—come into play, strengthening parties once again. Although they aren't real organizations representing coalitions of groups from all over the country anymore, the parties have a lock on the presidency. The field is more open than ever before to nomination in the parties, but more closed than ever before to election—or even the patronage and influence that have traditionally gone to the strong third finisher—from outside the parties.

When the primary system produces satisfactory candidates, this system seems to be a good one. When it doesn't, as is the case this year, there seems to be something gravely wrong with it, and people's thoughts start to turn to third-party candidates who, unfortunately, don't stand a chance under the present system. That's an evil that McCarthy, through first-hand experience, has seen more clearly than most, and the main point of this book is almost worth all the clutter that surrounds it.

Nicholas Lemann

Nicholas Lemann is a reporter for the *Washington Post*.

The Missing Years by Walter Laqueur

(Little, Brown; $10.95)

The Missing Years is a strange book. Not, as novels go, very promising. Almost no dialogue, little graphic description, few dramatic incidents. Long stretches read like essays—and the characters, some historical, others invented, are mainly occasions for rendering generic rather than individual experience. The narrator himself is often no more than a voice, and since we are informed of his fate in the opening pages, the story has neither suspense nor anticipation to help it along. We might expect—since the subject is war and genocide—that something dreadful would happen to the narrator or his family, some personal violence or terror, but nothing does.

The Missing Years is technically meager, but not a meager novel—if "novel" is the correct name for a book that is, but does not feel like, fiction. That it is Walter Laqueur's first work of fiction, and that a historian of his distinction should turn to the novel, further complicates issues. His intention, which ought to sound preposterous, has been to write a short, modest book that sums up the European experience in our century. And in a fair sense he succeeds. It is the story of a time (1914-45) and a place (Germany) through the eyes of a witness whose fate has been to survive the central events of our age. Laqueur's narrator is a Jew and a German, a man who came of age in World War I, who pursues his professional and family life against the background of the Nazi rise, and who ends up surviving World War II in, of all places, Berlin.

Laqueur does not touch directly upon the concentration camps. Instead he places his protagonist in the heart of the Reich, and from this unexpected vantage becomes spokesman for events that—through attention to precise historical details—seem almost to utter themselves. At noon on June 16, 1943, the last train for the camps left Berlin and "on the very same day Dr. Goebbels, in his capacity as Minister of Propaganda and *Gauleiter* of the German capital announced that Berlin was now *judenrein*—empty of Jews." And then the narrator's typical comment:

> Strictly speaking this was not quite true. For apart from those who had gone underground, perhaps several thousands, there were those 9,000 in a 'privileged' position, and there was even one Jewish institution still functioning—the Jewish hospital at the corner of Iranische Strasse and Schulstrasse, in the grey desert of Berlin's north-eastern working-class quarter.

The narrator, married to a non-Jewish German, is among those thus "privileged." He goes about openly, he does not collaborate, and years later, when he becomes the witness for which his life prepared him, he begins his story this way: "I was born in a little town in south-west Germany, in the year America and Spain went to war and Bismarck died." That may be an odd way to view one's life, but for men and women during the years Laqueur describes, the personal and the historical had indeed become one. Life was measured and defined by political events and collective experience. The most intimate story was the one shared by millions. Private destiny, that is to say, had become general, had become human destiny.

Laqueur's hero is thus a sort of Everyman who sees himself in terms of the common predicament: what it was like to be in German trenches and taste that defeat; the struggle to foresee, before the fact, what Hitler's war would mean; the agony of comfirming rumors about the death camps; life in Berlin as Allied bombers pounded the city. What

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

gives authority to experience so general is the obsessive insistence upon details, especially the kind of details that reveal the depth, paradox, and human quality of historical experience. For example, radio:

> Only those who have lived under a murderous and highly effective modern dictatorship can possibly appreciate the vital importance of the radio, the only lifeline with the outside world. . . . The heart beat faster when one heard the bleeps—three short, one long, the morse code sign for the letter 'V' preceding the British news broadcast. . . .

Laqueur's prose is serviceable but hardly distinguished, a style suited to its job as the medium of fact. And with fact, detail, historical itemization, Laqueur not only builds the world that was Europe; he also manages to create the impression, very strong at moments, that his narrator was actually there. Or—for so it feels—that he himself was there.

Laqueur was born in 1921 in Breslau, Germany, and by chance spent the war years in Palestine. His parents died in the camps, his native city (Breslau is now Wroclaw, Poland) no longer exists. Rootless and without professional training, he entered the postwar world as a journalist, an editor, and a political analyst, becoming in the process one of the foremost students of our century. He has written more than a dozen books, all of them on subjects which turned out to be the prime movers of global policy: Germany and Russia; politics in the Middle East; the Arab-Israeli conflict; youth movements and the student revolt; guerrilla tactics and terrorism. He could hardly have been more on target. In every case he has combined the journalist's sixth sense with the scholar's diligence, and by now he must know as much about our time as anyone on earth.

But in contrast to other intellectuals uprooted by the war, Arendt, Adorno, and Canetti, for example, Laqueur did not have time for a proper European education with its heavy emphasis on theory; he never got his *Doktor Phil*. This circumstance set him apart and became, in turn, his special strength. While the theorists delivered powerful overviews, Laqueur stayed at the immediate historical level, making modest sense of events, trying the experience of men and nations close-up, bringing small but steady understanding to bear upon problems that could never, except in theory, be wholly grasped or resolved. Unlike those who replaced homeless-

WILLIAM H. PRITCHARD

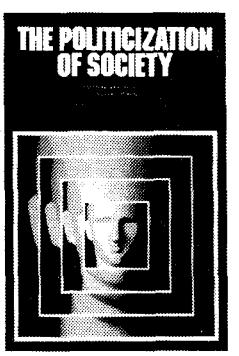
requests the pleasure of your company
in reading, re-reading, and revaluing
the poetry of
Thomas Hardy, W. B. Yeats, Edward Arlington Robinson,
Robert Frost, Ezra Pound, T. S. Eliot, Wallace Stevens,
Hart Crane and William Carlos Williams
in

LIVES OF THE MODERN POETS

Essays, in the manner of Samuel Johnson's
Lives of the English Poets,
blending character sketches and critical insights,
seeking to define the ways in which
these modern masters are alive for us today.
$14.95

RSVP: Your bookseller, or
OXFORD UNIVERSITY PRESS
200 Madison Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10016

LibertyPress
LibertyClassics



The Politicization of Society

Edited by Kenneth S. Templeton, Jr.

"The state has increasingly replaced the church in determining how we should behave," writes Oxford professor R. M. Hartwell in his introduction. "Politics is now religion." Fourteen scholars examine the central problem of modern society—the growth of the state—and its significance for the individual. They are Robert L. Carneiro, Felix Morley, Murray N. Rothbard, William Marina, Robert A. Nisbet, Jacques Ellul, Giovanni Sartori, Michael Oakeshott, Donald M. Dozer, Herbert Butterfield, John A. Lukacs, Jonathan R. T. Hughes, Butler D. Shaffer, and F. A. Hayek. Hardcover $10.00, Paperback $4.50.

We pay postage, but require prepayment, on orders from individuals. Please allow four to six weeks for delivery. To order this book, or for a copy of our catalog, write:
Liberty*Press*/Liberty*Classics*
7440 North Shadeland, Dept. 856
Indianapolis, Indiana 46250

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ness with ideas, Laqueur has turned his condition of exile to the pursuit of practical knowledge, with the fortitude of a mind that knows its job to be endless and knows, as theorists do not, that the last word can never be spoken.

Never, that is, except by the novelist. He or she can take perspectives unavailable to the historian or the philosopher, can bring urgency and force to bear upon facts in ways that transform details and events into the units of a language that addresses, through the novel's "voice," the human heart. Laqueur has done this with remarkable skill, and this accounts, in part, for the power of his novel.

But finally, and although I only speculate, there would seem to be a further connection between Laqueur and his fiction, a deeper ground for the illusion of autobiography which dominates *The Missing Years*. Undeniably Laqueur has invested himself in his protagonist. And if the title is a clue, then perhaps Laqueur has set out to recover his own missing years. But is this possible? And assuming that through fiction we gain access (to what degree cannot be known) to a past we never had, is the telling of stories a legitimate way of storing, and passing on, the spirit if not the substance of experience? That *The Missing Years* struggles with these problems is what grips us, and here Laqueur's novel is truly remarkable. We are, after all, products of the years Laqueur describes. We are creatures of aftermath, of events that we missed but that did not, in continuing consequence, miss us.

Terrence Des Pres

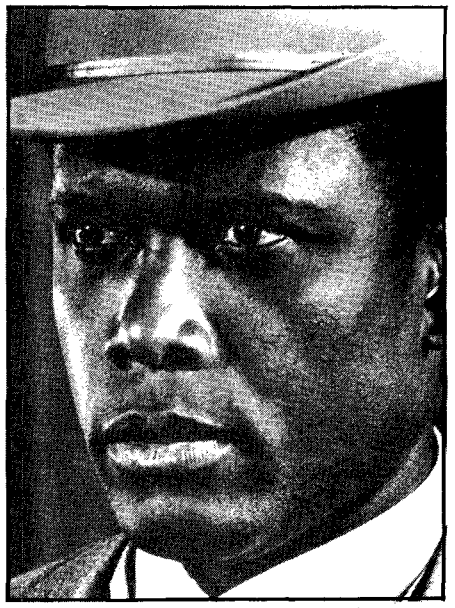
Terrence Des Pres is the author of *The Survivor: An Anatomy of Life in the Death Camps* (Oxford University Press) and teaches at Colgate University.

This Life
by Sidney Poitier
(Knopf; $12.95)

Like Cary Grant, Sidney Poitier is suave from sole to crown. He seems incapable of muddying himself, even when he's tramping through the woods in prison fatigues (*The Defiant Ones*) or probing the mucky depths of Bobby Darin's soul (in *Pressure Point*). In Poitier's best performances, he's almost ironically courtly, tapping out syllables in the air with his fingertips, but his eyes give off glimmers of a raw, unappeasable rage. As he silently stares down rednecks and racist cops, you can hear the tick . . . tick . . . tick . . . of the time-bomb in his chest. After the success of Stanley Kramer's 1967 Oscar-winning comedy *Guess Who's Coming to Dinner?*, in which Poitier played a supremely gifted socially-conscious doctor, that ticking was stilled: Poitier had become a dapper tugging-at-the-cuffs dreamboat. As "blaxploitation" films took off at the box office, and as the brilliant, scathingly profane Richard Pryor became all the hip rage, Poitier's gentlemanliness made him seem toothless, quaint—antique. Since movie-star memoirs tend to be divided into backstabbing bitch sessions and bland travelogues (". . . and in 1942 I flew to Majorca to commence filming of *God's Golden Trumpets*"), one feared that Sidney Poitier's autobiography would be an occasion for self-pitying bitterness. Or, worse, a stale toast to a stalled career.

Fears are soon routed. Sassed-up with obscenity and street slang, *This Life* has the smack, humor, and vigor of an all-night rap session, with Poitier graciously freshening the reader's drink between anecdotes. Born in 1927, Poitier spent his early years on Cat Island in the Bahamas. His childhood is a sunny idyll: his mother serves dinner on a sea-grape leaf, his father fertilizes the soil for his tomato crop with bat guano plundered from a cave; Sidney himself swims, writes love letters, and tries to bugger an innocent hen. When Poitier is 11, his family moves to Nassau, where he brushes up against a bully named William. After William knocks out Sidney's lights with a single punch, his sister Teddy comes to the rescue. "My sister walks over to him and smacks him so hard his knees buckle, and she proceeds to beat the daylight out of him. She beats his tail to a fucking frazzle." "She slaps, punches, and kicks William's ass . . . ," and Poitier, decades later, is still awestruck. After that demolition job, the neighborhood toughs learn an important lesson: "Don't fuck with [Sidney] or he'll call his sister—and she's *mean*." Unbullied, Sidney shoplifts, catches all the latest cowboy movies, loses his cherry, and catches a classic dose of the clap (" . . . I was gun-shy after that"). After Nassau he ventures to Miami and, later, to New York.

In these early chapters, Poitier slips into his old skin and finds that it's still a snug fit. When Poitier describes his first



Sidney Poitier

days in New York—days spent washing dishes, napping in pay toilets, gulping down hot dogs between chocolate malteds—a boyish exuberance surges through the book. Pickled with delight, Poitier can't quite believe all this happened to *him*—to him! His New York adventures aren't entirely a Henry Miller binge of the senses, however. He's so piss-poor that he writes to President Roosevelt, asking for a $100 loan (and is ticked off when he doesn't get a reply). Poitier's account of an almost-was love affair with a girl named Laura Brown leads him into cliché—he endows Laura with pearly teeth and eyes that sparkle "like diamonds"—but also to a schmucky, self-revealing poignancy few writers would have risked. At Christmas, Poitier visits Laura to deliver a giant heart-shaped pink-satin Christmas card. "She takes me into the living room and I give her my present. She thanks me for it, says, 'Excuse me,' and goes back to the kitchen, where she stays—and stays—and stays." From the kitchen comes the sound of laughter and

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

happy chatter, and Poitier soon realizes that a party is in progress—a party no one is going to invite him to join. Forty-five minutes limp by, an hour, two hours; but Poitier is too stricken with embarrassment to haul himself home. Finally, however, shame lifts him out of his lethargy.

> I get up, walk down the long hallway toward the front door and stop at the kitchen. I look in and them cats are having a party. She's in the middle, lauging, clicking glasses, and carrying on. As soon as they become aware of my presence, they all look up and a sudden silence descends. She looks at me and I can see in her face a satisfaction—like: How do you like them apples? I say to her, 'Excuse me. I'm going to have to leave now, good night.' She looks me dead in the eye and says, 'Good night.' I will never know why I smiled at her before stepping into the hallway and allowing her to close the door firmly to my face.
>
> Clomping down those six flights of stairs was like descending into an abyss of shitty feelings. . . .

Except for that episode, Poitier's candor is refreshingly free of rancor; he shares his insecurities and humiliations to show how much painful work it took to transform Sidney Poitier of Cat Island into *Sidney Poitier*. Unfortunately, his courteousness sometimes saps the book of nerve and strength. Once Poitier begins reminiscing about his movie-making career, he starts sprinkling the text with candy-innocuous compliments—David Susskind is "bright," Stanley Kramer is "very bright," and Walter Mirisch is "a first-class human being." Even in this cavalcade of good cheer there are harrowing moments, inexcusable insults. On the set of *Porgy and Bess*, the vile Otto Preminger vilely ridicules the frail and beautiful black actress Dorothy Dandridge, taunting her for being "stupid." Nobody rushes to defend Dandridge; actors, stagehands—all remain silent. ". . . [S]ince his attacks remained verbal, no matter how brutal, it was still an 'artistic dispute' between the director and his actress. Totally unable to defend herself, Dorothy Dandridge fell apart. Nowhere in her anguish was there enough venom to dip her dagger into." Fame doesn't rob Poitier's life of venomous rage, however. Not only does he walk off the set of *Porgy and Bess* after a spat with Preminger, but during a lover's quarrel with actress Diahann Carroll, Poitier is so furious that he can smell the blood in the caverns of his sinuses.

Crowded as it is with incidents and anecdotes, something significant is missing from *This Life*—a critical perspective on Poitier's career. He's disappointingly blithe discussing the making of *Guess Who's Coming to Dinner?*, treating us to gee-whiz stories about Spencer Tracy and Katherine Hepburn ("As actors, well—I tell you they were giants"). Tracy, who was deathly ill during the filming of *Dinner*, is praised for delivering a lengthy soliloquy at the end of the film without fluffing his lines. "With unbelievable skill and finesse he dotted his *i*'s and flicked his commas, and hit his periods, and touched down lightly on his conjunctions on his way to making magic." But magic is what Spencer Tracy didn't make in *Guess Who's Coming to Dinner?*—didn't make (I would argue) in his *best* performances. Even when he was young and fit, Tracy was a stolid, unimaginative professional, a believer in the show-up-and-don't-bump-into-the-furniture school of acting. Poitier is a more expressive actor than Tracy ever was precisely because he went beyond dotted-i professionalism, dredging up the messy and intimate emotions pros like Tracy feared to confront. Of course, it would be ungallant for Poitier to claim that he's a greater actor than Tracy—though he is—but he doesn't even treat the differences in style and temperament glancingly. And you can't help but wonder—doesn't Poitier find the liberal sentiments of *Dinner* achingly arch today? Near the end of that unfluffed monologue, Tracy says that his daughter and her black fiancé are two wonderful people who have "a problem with pigmentation." It might have been better for all concerned had Tracy choked and left such remarks hanging from his tonsils.

Poitier's film career is far from finished—he's currently directing *Stir Crazy*, a film based on a Bruce Jay Friedman script starring Gene Wilder and (happy irony) Richard Pryor. But the book itself leaves Poitier in a precariously lofty nest, brooding not about future projects but about marriage, morals, kids. Be generous with your feelings, Poitier tells the reader; don't be afraid to let your children see the cracks in your composure. Platitudes?—perhaps. But Poitier writes with such generous tenderness about his own tangled-up feelings (love, awe, envy, pride, respect) that the platitudes seem earned, like battle ribbons. Entombed in his own legend, Sidney Poitier has used *This Life* to pry open the sarcophagus door to let in light, air, laughter. Now that Poitier is shedding his goody-goody image (buggering chickens, indeed!), perhaps he's again ready to smell the blood in the caverns of his sinuses.

James Wolcott

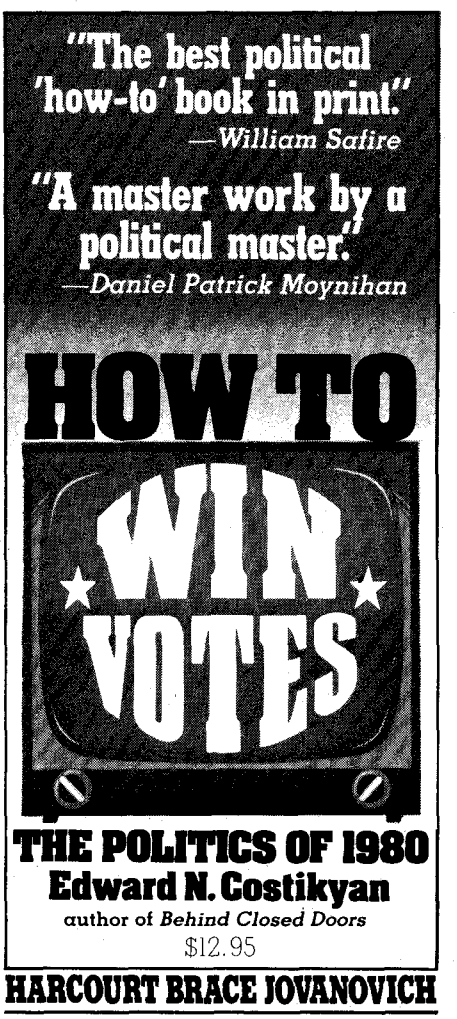
James Wolcott is a frequent contributor to the *Village Voice* and the *New York Review of Books*.

Brief Review

The Delphinium Girl by Mark Smith

(Harper & Row; $10.95)

The Delphinium Girl, Mark Smith's fifth book, is a strange and strangely moving achievement. We enter one of those charmed New England suburbs where technicians find release in music and gardening, where real estate developers have good intentions, and where the local novelist plays tennis with skill. The women here are attractive and accomplished; they prepare fish their men have brought back. The houses are



LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

impressive but never imposing, the wines are good but cheap, the marital squabbles are fun. When these people get political (in order to block a Greek tycoon's proposed refinery), they win.

In the center of the garden, however, the anaesthetist tends poisonous plants. The resident professor (who waxes eloquent about human potential and propositions housewives, turn by turn) never does make it to Greece. The novelist travels abroad, but the wine of his excitement turns to vinegar; his love affair goes bad. One domestic ritual ends in actual death; the carefully staged suicide of a husband who wants his wife back takes place without an audience—his witness comes too late. And the novel's central action registers collapse.

Sarah Keville, the title character, has an unnamed irreversible disease. She has two children and a decent marriage to Toby, the real-estate entrepreneur; she wants to write mysteries and live to a ripe old age. Yet she is being poisoned by modernity; in a kind of lupus of the spirit she is her own antagonist and can find no antidote. Like Milly Theale in Henry James's *The Wings of the Dove*, she turns her "face to the wall." When Sarah dies, the business of the novel is over—though matters appear to continue. Smith's final paragraph contains a characteristic advance by indirection. One of Sarah's neighbors recollects her glancingly. Then:

> In an action that had nothing to do with his fellow cardplayers, whom he surprised, and without knowing why he did it, he threw down his bridge hand with a slapping sound, pushed back his chair and stood up. 'Too bad, too bad, that was too bad,' he said, shaking his head.

I have a few reservations. The one or two moments that verge on the surreal feel forced. The prose is sometimes overly lush. The chapter headings are clever and incisive—but they call attention to the author and not to the action they contain. Sarah herself remains a cipher; her elusiveness is only part functional. Here perhaps the author is at his most daring; she is an absent presence, a negative charge at the center of things. Strangers at the party to begin with, we only slowly recognize the figures at the party's edge—Sarah, silent, tentative. She belongs to a long line of phthisic heroines, from hyacinth girl to the lady of the camellias—she resembles Mrs. Wilcox of *Howard's End* as much as Milly Theale.

These comparisons are not, I hope, idle; Smith is manifestly literate and ambitious within a tradition. When Virginia Woolf's Mrs. Ramsey dies in a parenthesis, the life surrounding her becomes a sentence merely; such syntax permits of a conjunction between the quick and dead. Therefore a novel of manners—and very contemporary ones—has "mystery"; though the book deals with the specifics of place, Smith's town in New Hampshire has no name.

And detail becomes emblematic; the region expands. Scene after scene arrests our attention. *The Delphinium Girl* haunts this reader as Sarah Keville hants those who remember her; it and she are almost perfectly composed.

Nicholas Delbanco

Nicholas Delbanco's new novel, *Stillness*, will be published by Morrow in September.

Correspondence, *from page 5*

too) but those who attempt to understand and critically report events through the perspective and the minds of the people about whom they are reporting.

This should not be confused with being "taken in," "used," or any other pejoratives. It is *one*, if only one, of the major functions of good journalism. Along with his other virtues—not to say faults—Scotty Reston has performed that journalistic service better in his lifetime than anyone else.

Richard M. Clurman
Former Chief-of-Correspondents
Time & Life Publications
New York, New York

The New Republic Classified

THE NEW REPUBLIC CLASSIFIED IS A WEEKLY FEATURE. Ads are accepted at the discretion of the publisher. Rates: one time ad $1/word, six ads per year $.95/word, 12 ads per year $.90/word, 24 times per year $.85/word, 48 times per year $.80/word. Telephone numbers count as 2 words. P.O. numbers and abbreviations count as one word. Zone numbers and zip codes are not counted. Additional $4.50 for TNR box numbers. Classified display ads are $30/inch. Bold headline, signature and inset available. Complete rate card upon request. Send your check/money order with your copy, or give us your Visa/MasterCharge # and we'll charge it to your account. Copy must be received 19 days prior to the Saturday issue date. Phone orders accepted with Visa/MasterCharge only. Send copy or call collect: Theresa Miller, The New Republic Magazine, 1220 19th St., N.W., Washington, DC 20036. (202) 331-7494.

Camps

Arts and Crafts

WINE/BEER MAKING SUPPLIES. Extensive catalog: All necessities. Vintners/Brewers Catalog, 1845 S. 19th, Springfield, ILL 62703

Hand-Knit Stoles of softest virgin wool. White, fisherman, dark green or navy. $35.00 plus $2.25 for shipping and handing. E. Keller, TNR Box 9405

Business Opportunities

EARN EXTRA MONEY HOME MAILING PROGRAM. Send stamped envelope. Worldwide, Box 414, West Haven, CT 06516

Buttons/Bumperstickers

"HAVE YOU HUGGED YOUR ID TODAY?" Learn to cope with OPEC. Bumperstickers-$1.00 TNR Box 9475

BUMPERSTICKERS, DECALS, BUTTONS. Low cost, custom made advertising for your Business, Special Event, Organization or Political Campaign. Buy direct from manufacturer and SAVE! Please state intended use for appropriate samples. Write for FREE Brochure, Price List and Samples. REFLECTIVE ADVERTISING INC. Dept. NR, 8551 Page Boulevard, St. Louis, Missouri 63114. Phone (314) 423-5495.

Colleges/Universities

GODDARD'S ADULT DEGREE PROGRAM, founded in 1963, supports women and men in their search for growth, and change. 2-week residencies in Vermont alternate with 6-month home study projects under faculty supervision leading to a fully accredited B.A. Also M.A. program and teacher certification available. All financial aids for eligible persons. Write: Box NR, ADP, Goddard College, Plainfield, Vermont 05667. Goddard College admits students without regard to sex, race, religion or handicap.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Employment Opportunity

Don't accept any job without consulting

INTERNATIONAL EMPLOYMENT HOTLINE

offering a panorama of opportunity for career and temporary overseas employment. Monthly issues profile international jobs, list current openings and announce major hiring cycles.

Discover what's waiting for you in the world—and how to get it! Send to: International Employment Hotline, 3010 Santa Monica Bl., Suite 456, Santa Monica, CA 90404

YES, I want all the latest inside information on prestige international employment. Send me:
☐ $24.50 (U.S.) 1 year subscription, AA
☐ $8.00 (U.S.) 3 month trial subscription, AA
Enclosed $ ☐ Check ☐ Money Order
(Please Print)
Name
Address
City State Zip
Send to: International Employment Hotline, 3010 Santa Monica Bl., Suite 456, Santa Monica, California 90404

Genealogy

AMATEUR GENEOLOGIST Research National archival information for family history. Extremely reasonable. NR Box 9390

THE GREAT ESCAPES

ATTN: World Travelers

At last! A monthly publication for the frequent globetrotter. Latest news on customs, currency, laws, air fares, charters. Columns on cruises, sports, lodging, tours, shopping, health, solo travel, dining, wines, art, photography and much more. Observations by our readers exchanging the good and the bad. We "tell it like it is." One-year subscription only $9.97. Your satisfaction is guaranteed. **International Travel News**, 2120 28th St., #283, Sacramento, CA 95818.

Health

NON-SMOKERS
Breathe Easy In Restaurants

The *Guide to Smoke-Free Dining* directs you to 5,000 restaurants in the U.S. and Canada which cater to your need for air free of annoying and harmful tobacco smoke. Includes family, ethnic, and natural food restaurants and cafeterias. $5.75 postpaid. Money-back guarantee. Enjoy dining-out again!

Environmental Press
P.O. Box 701, Ellicott Station, Buffalo, NY 14205

YOU CAN CONTROL CHRONIC PAIN WITHOUT DRUGS. LIKE MY METHOD OR MONEY BACK. $5.00. Dana Cummings, R.N., P.O. Box 475, Issaquah, WA 98027

Two volume illustrated study by ear, nose, throat specialist tells how to control migraine headache, sinusitis, colds, respiratory disease. Both only $8.00. Med Books, P.O. Box 3482, Norfolk, VA 23514

AFRICAN DIET from man's first home. Details/recipes. $3.00 to MARVO, P. O. Box 4447, Washington, DC 20017

Read "HOW I GOT RID OF SEVERE BACK SHOULDER PAIN." Send $3 to R1, P. O. Box 4299, Grand Central, New York 10017

Instruction

Bachelors, master, doctorates. Legal inexpensive, fast. Free Details. Dr. John Bear, 2150 Franklin Street, Department 68759, Oakland California 94612

Literature

POEMONDE. Selected contemporary French poetry. Semiannual, 50 Francs. Poemonde, 3 Boulevard Blanqui, 75013 Paris, France.

Enviromical belongs in your vocabulary. For PhD report send $1.00. Enviromics®, 3231 Linn, San Antonio, TEXAS 78223

IS HE WORTH A "CARTER"?
To "CARTER", "CARTERING", "CARTERLY"—Professionally incompetent; vacillating, inconsistent, inappropriate policies; to govern by public relations and opinion polls; pork barrel politics for the 1980's; to pose and posture as a leader from White House; to pray constantly instead of leading. EXAMPLE: NOT WORTH A "CARTER". See: HOOVERVILLE.

A public service message from WRITERS UNLIMITED, WASHINGTON, D.C. 20012. (202) 723-1715.

Send $1.00 for a selection of United States Industrial Council Education Foundation booklets on public issues. Write: USICEF, P.O. Box 2686, Nashville, Tenn. 37219.

ASIA INTEREST YOU? Join the Asia hands by subscribing to THE ASIA MAIL, "American Perspectives on Asia and the Pacific." One year, $11. Write: The Asia Mail Subscription Dept., P.O. Box 1044NR, Alexandria, VA 22313

"Not to be missed for Paris-bound tourists or even those who want the flavor of the quartier staying home."
—Los Angeles Times

PARISWALKS

Alison and Sonia Landes
Revised and expanded

Five intimate walking tours of the most historic and enchanting quartiers of the Left and Right Banks, with maps, photos, and up-to-date listings of hotels and restaurants.

Send $5.95 plus 50¢ postage & handling to **New Republic Books**, 1220 19th Street NW, Washington, DC 20036.

JOHN GALT RECANTS. A blistering attack on Objectivist "morality". 50pp—$3.00. Box 4876C, Santa Clara, CA 95054

Literary Services

WRITERS: "PROBLEM" MANUSCRIPT? Try AUTHOR AID ASSOCIATES, 340 East 52nd Street, New York City 10022

SPEECHES ("We will never 'Carter-you'"), ghostwriting articles, campaign bios, etc. All fields. Professional team. Prompt. WRITERS UNLIMITED, Box #4391, Washington, DC 20012. (202) 723-1715 Mastercharge/Visa. No ACADEMIC WORK.

THE UNFINDABLE FOUND. For our free and indefatigable search service, just send us your "hard-to-find" book wants. No obligation. Bookfinders General, Inc., Dept. NN, 145 East 27th St., New York, NY 10016

STILL LOOKING FOR A BOOK? Free search service. Please write Peter Sperling Books, Box 300 Old Chelsea Station, New York, N.Y. 10011.

Music

Fine Hardwood Music Stands . . .

Early Music Stands makes the finest in hardwood music stands, upholstered performers benches, instrument stands, and much more. For your copy of our new 32 page mail order catalog of *chamber music furniture*, please send $1 (refunded on first order).

Early Music Stands
Drawer 2400, Box 277, Palo Alto, CA 94302

BURTON HARPSICHORDS, SPINETS, AND CLAVICHORDS - Professional Instruments in kit form, from $195. For brochure write Burton Harpsichords, 727 "R" Street, P.O. Box 80222N, Lincoln, Nebraska 68501.

Personal

ATTRACTIVE, ACTIVE, jewish professional woman of charm, depth, sensitivity seeks emotionally and financially secure, unattached, intellectual, compassionate man for fun, companionship, mutual sharing. 50+. Chicago area. If you enjoy people, reading, music, bridge, theatre, I eagerly await you. TNR Box 9485

Attractive, financially secure woman seeks stable, good-looking, marriageable male. 35-50. Tulsa Oklahoma area. TNR Box 9490

JANELLE: Happy Birthday. Love, Bob.

Professional woman, San Diego area, John Anderson liberal, likes outdoors, seeks reply. Man about 50. TNR Box 9495

Divorced man, sixties, self-employed, seeks younger, independent, highly-educated, Bay area woman whose leading mode is laughter. (415) 921-7200

WIDOWED, DIVORCED, SINGLE get aquainted with cultured unattached people: Nationwide; Arts World, Box 661, Staten Island, NY 10314

SINGLE BOOK LOVERS get the cultured, single, widowed or divorced acquainted. Nationwide. Write Box AE, Swarthmore, Pennsylvania 19081. Established 1970.

GAY? Meet intelligent, interesting people. Quick-Confidential-Legitimate. Call now. Steve (212) 232-5500. Nationwide.

UNATTACHED? Meet sincere, literate singles—anywhere. Call DATELINE—free. 800-451-3245

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Far East correspondents seek American correspondents. Cherry Blossoms, Hanokaa, HI 96727.

LUCKY AMULETS ATTRACT MONEY

Thousands believe-in and swear-by the MYSTIC POWERS in the Amulets of DR. GEMINIO! You'll swear by them, too, when you see how fast they— — — —
Special Amulets for: $10.00

LOVE	GAMBLING SUCCESS
MONEY	SECURITY
HEALTH	SELF-CONFIDENCE
INHERITANCE	BUSINESS

CALVARY GRACE INC., Dept. SO-11
P.O. Box 1261, So. Pasadena, CA 91030

Property Sale/Rent

Ideal Hideaway, Private Peninsula, 2 bedroom, 2 bath, fully equipped—May-October. Call evenings: (202) 547-7847; days: (202) 632-8464.

Beautiful 5 Bedroom, 3-½ bath home. Spectacular view of peaks of Zion Park. Overlooking golf course near country club. 4500 Sq. Ft. plus 2-car garage. Call (801) 673-5556 or write P. O. Box 661, St. George, Utah 84770.

Bar Harbor, Maine. Classic 7-bedroom summer cottage on quiet lane two minutes from village, overlooks Frenchman's Bay. $1200 for July rental, $1000 for three weeks. 15 Crescent Rd., Poughkeepsie, NY 12601

Chappaquiddick-four bedroom house; secluded, ocean view; all appliances, bicycles. July-$500 week; September-$250 week. (412) 361-8010

Michigan Island for rent, with 6 room home. $250 a week. 312-848-2750.

Rehobeth/Dewey Beach, Delaware. Modern beach house, 3 bedrooms, loft, 2 baths. Fully equipped, AC, DW, TV, screened porch. 5 & 7 day rentals available. June—$40/day, July and Aug.—$55/day. (703) 354-6521

Eleuthera, Bahamas, Beach house in tranquil setting. Beautiful ocean/sea views, sun decks, screened porch, sleeps four, $50/day, $275/week. Bailey Conaway, 14888 Triadelphia Road, Glenelg, Maryland 21737. (301) 442-2676.

Recipes

Lemon Spread. Luscious, tangy, wholesome. Old English confection. Perfect on toast, crackers. $1.00, S.A.S.E., Box 268, Sioux Falls, SD 57101

Elegant Desserts. FRUIT PIZZA or PEANUT BUTTER PIE. $1.00 each. Recipes, 1265 Westmoor, Winnetka, ILL 60093

Delicious, quick, wholewheat Irish bread. Hearty scrumptious. SASE and $1.00 to YUM, Box 239, Menlo Park, CA 94025

Unique mouthwatering "hummie" and "ruggie" pastry delicacies. $2. DELIGHTS, PO Box 238, Blauvelt, NY 10913

Two booklets, "Cooking with Herbs", "Introduction to Herbs", $2.50 each. Big Ticket Publishing P.O. Box 455, Cold Spring, TX 77331

California Salad. Secret, ambrosial recipe will delight your company. Send $1.50 plus S.A.S.E. to TNR Box 9420

Make perfect steamed rice every time! Easy recipe. $1.00 SASE Hargis, P. O. Box 403, Moses Lake, WA 98837

25 San Francisco recipes gathered from 40 years of residence. Handy hot plate rest included. $3.00. P. O. Box 31554, San Francisco. CA 94131

Recipe, Coupon exchange. SASE "RECIPE", Box 3438, York, PA 17402

PRITIKIN CUISINE-Six gourmet entree recipes withing Pritikin guidelines. $5.00 and SASE to BEHM, Box 5133, Ojai, California 93023

The most delicious Swedish meatballs you ever tasted. Send $1.00 for easy, cheap-to-make recipe. TNR Box 9425

Vacation/Travel

CAMP CAREFREE: Co-ed Sleepaway Kiddie Camp for Grownups in Massachusetts. Weekly, $425. Information: 2920 Upton St., NW D.C. 20008 (202) 362-6525

LINEKIN BAY SAILING RESORT. Boothbay Harbor, Maine 04538. Fleet of sailboats, two masted schooner, sailing instructions, tennis, heated salt water pool. Write for folder.

African Expedition! Germany to Kenya via the Sahara Desert. 14 weeks/$1650. (213) 826-7766

Et Cetera

BRONZE PLAQUES, AWARDS, TROPHIES. 30% Discount. Free Catalogue. Able, 9521 Kedvale, Skokie, ILL 60076

A TREATISE on Onion Soup, privately printed, Box 371, Essex Station, Boston 02111. $2.

HOME VIDEO OWNERS. The most complete non-X video catalog available. Historic Cinema, Early Television, Children's Shows, Rock & Roll, Science Fiction, Education, Entertainment, and Enlightenment in the WHOLE WORLD TELEVISION CATALOG. Send $1: World Television, 1200 S. La Cienega, Los Angeles, CA 90035.

SAVE! Fabulous gems for collector, investor, or finest jewelry. Gemcutter to YOU! Information free. Taylor's, 113-N Martin, Indian Harbor Beach, FL 32937

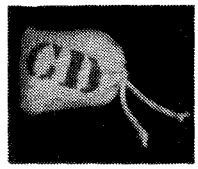
15 IDEAS CHALLENGE INFLATION and improve your lifestyle. $2.00. Cardot's, 7448 Bridle Drive, Nashville, TN 37221

RÉSUMÉS FOR PROFESSIONALS. Do-it-yourself $20.00. Complete service $45.00. Cardot's, 7448 Bridle Dr., Nashville, TN 37221

Real Estate Skyrockets!

Fight back with . . .

"CALIFORNIA DIRT"



It's all the rage! You'll **love** it — (a) send a bag to your "favorite politician" or realtor — suggest use; (b) have a DIRT party; (c) WHATEVER. Authentic ***CALIFORNIA DIRT*** in super 4" x 5"drawstring bag. *Comes in Orange Burlap or* Denim in Dk. Brown, Blue, Gold or Beige all w/contrasting trim.**Special Offer** (it's almost like stealing!) $3.50 ea. or 3 for $10. Send cash, check or money order to: PHELAN CO., P.O. Box 7346, Menlo Park, CA. 94025. (1058Pine)

INTRODUCE YOUR AD TO A QUARTER MILLION READERS FOR JUST $1 A WORD!

Vacation/Travel

PUERTO RICO. Luquillo Beach House. 3 bedrooms, for rent weekly. Edward Pinney. Box 460, Gracie Station, New York, New York 10028.

*SPECIAL INTRODUCTORY OFFER. Pay for 2 ads—get # 3 FREE!.

Telephone numbers count as 2 words. P.O. numbers and abbreviations count as one word. Zone numbers and zip codes are not counted. Additional $4.50 for TNR Box #'s. (complete rate info on preceding pg.)

Send your check/money order with your copy, or give us your Visa/MasterCharge # and we'll charge it to your account. Copy must be received 19 days prior to the Saturday issue date. Phone orders accepted with Visa/MasterCharge only. Send Copy or *call collect*: Theresa Miller, The New Republic Magazine, 1220 19th St., N.W., Washington, DC. 20036. (202) 331-7494.

My ad reads:

THE NEW REPUBLIC MAGAZINE

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Cheap Thrills

Walter Cronkite could have saved us both a lot of trouble if he had said what he meant in the first place. On April 29, CBS News in New York issued a statement "in regard to an article in *The New Republic* magazine . . . which suggested Mr. Cronkite was interested in running for the vice presidency with John Anderson." The CBS release quoted Cronkite as saying, "The *New Republic* reporter has misinterpreted our conversation. I have no intention of entering politics in any capacity. I have never endorsed a political candidate and I have no intention of endorsing a political candidate in the upcoming campaign, including Mr. Anderson. It is not the first time a political career has been suggested for me and my answer is the same as it has always been: not interested." Had Mr. Cronkite just said "not interested" in our conversation of April 23, the statement of April 29 would not have been necessary because no article would have been written suggesting that Cronkite was a real vice presidential possibility. But of course that isn't what Cronkite said. I will not repeat what he did say because it is all in your copy of *The New Republic* dated May 3. In his CBS statement, Cronkite doesn't claim he was misquoted, but "misinterpreted." He said what he said, and without any prodding. I will leave it to readers to interpret for themselves whether Cronkite sounded interested or not. But one quotation that I did not use in the article is worth sharing. It was the answer to the cub reporter's question, "then you wouldn't rule it out?" Cronkite: "No, I wouldn't rule it out. I haven't been asked."

I will not go on at length quibbling with Mr. Cronkite. As a matter of fact, our misunderstanding (to use a neutral word) produced an educational experience. Now I know what it's like to be a celebrity. It's not the unalloyed joy I expected. Right from the beginning, it was awry, in fact. The first wire service story to go out across the country about my story misquoted it, saying Cronkite had assured me he *would* run with Anderson, whereas the story just said he *might*. Disappointingly, one paper to print that version of the story was the *Washington Post*, which gave no credit to the Associated Press, apparently didn't see (or ignored) the AP's correction, and didn't bother to call me or get a copy of *TNR* to check the story. Dozens of other newspapers, TV stations, and radio stations—especially radio stations—did call. Part of being a celebrity seems to involve standing by while some newsradio talk-show host delivers commercials. Then: "Well, it seems Walter Cronkite is going to leave his anchor post and go into politics. Or so *New Republic* magazine reports. And, here on our live newsradio 82 line with us we have. . . ." Then you have to explain what Walter did say, didn't say, and so on.

The lesson for any non-celebrity is: watch out for the media. It almost always hypes. The wires, newspapers, and radio and TV stations invariably plucked from the middle of Cronkite's remarks the one quotation that got him closest to a candidacy—"I'd be so honored, I wouldn't turn it down"—and built their report around it. In context, and also in his tone of voice, Cronkite seemed to mean (at the time) that he wouldn't turn it down out of hand, but the media seized on the quotation to make it a definite statement of candidacy. When the celebrity wave is washing one way, you talk as fast as you can to calm it, to keep the press from making things greater and more wonderful than they are. The backwash is not quite as strong. There weren't so many calls after Cronkite issued his denial, but invariably some wires and stations reported that Cronkite claimed he was misquoted. "The reporter stands by his story" is the best you can recover in such cases, and it's about as useful as "a lawyer for the accused denied his client was guilty." The whole instant celebrity experience is one you can keep. It's a cheap thrill.

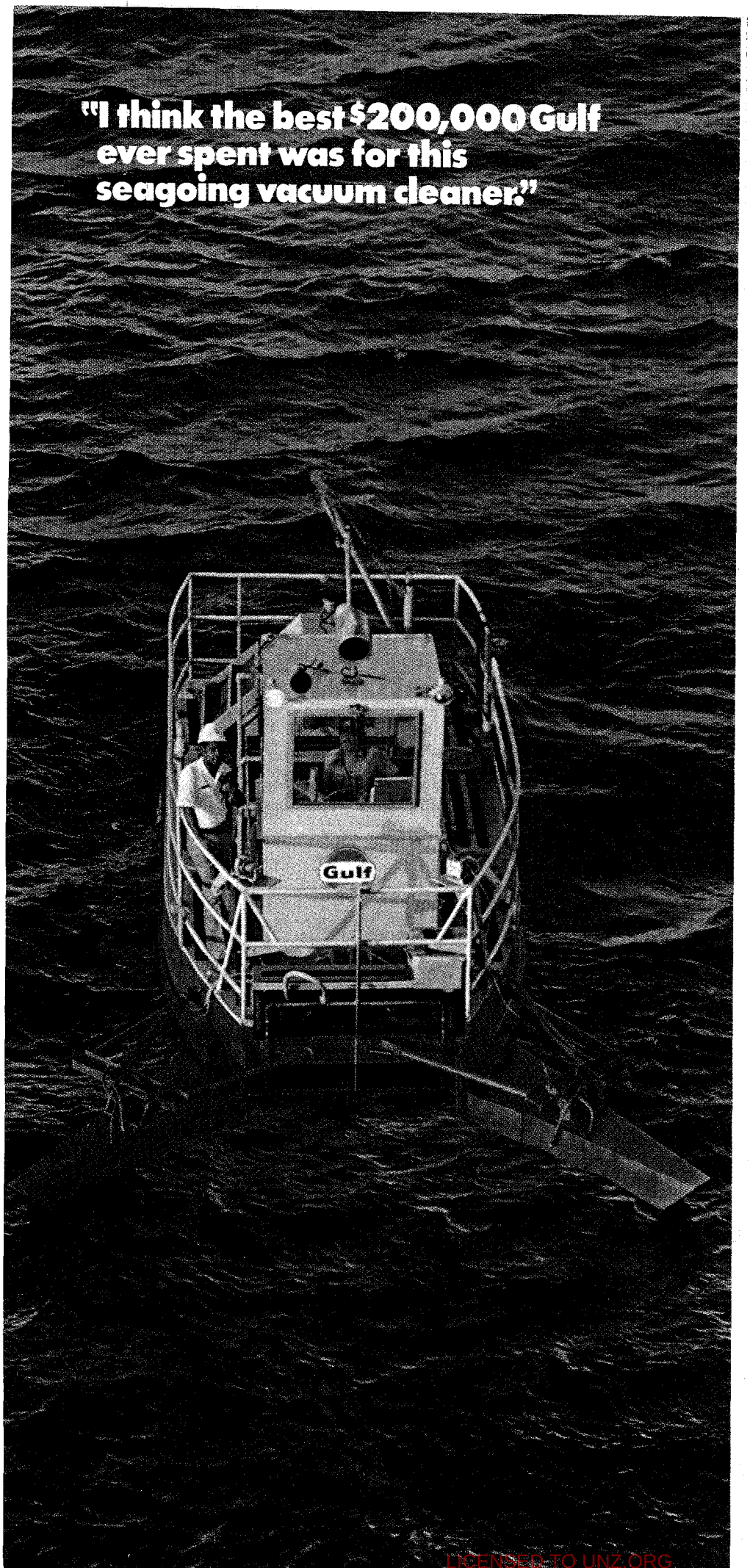
The scary thing to contemplate is that instant sensations are the stuff of news almost every day in this country. TV news is getting more and more like the "feelies" in *Brave New World*. It's a turn-on. ABC's "Iran: America Held Hostage" is the most worrisome example of all. ABC News is receiving accolades for providing an extra half-hour of Iran coverage each night. It's obviously been commercially successful because the program has become permanent as "Nightline." Diligent citizens now feel obliged to stay up past midnight to keep informed. ABC is not really peddling information, though, but feelings—principally, hatred for Khomeini and the Iranian mobs screaming in front of the embassy, suspense and frustration at administration ploys to get the hostages out, and pathos over the plight of the hostage families. No one has gained any real understanding of Iranian psychology or Islamic history from the TV news. We haven't seen a reasoned debate among strategists on the best way to handle the hostage situation. TV—with an assist from President Carter, to be sure—has converted the hostage-taking into an emotional crisis for America, one that America is now demanding that Carter end quickly, by any means possible. Walter Cronkite adds to the pressure, as James Reston noted the other day, by closing his broadcasts each night telling how long the hostage drama has been running. He doesn't say what day it is that inflation has been above 10 percent or unemployment in Harlem has been over 40 percent. America has gotten fixated on Iran, and TV has helped.

I'm delighted that Walter Cronkite said "not interested" about a candidacy even if he said it late. I don't think journalists make good political leaders. We go into journalism to be close to the action, but not responsible for it. We kibitz and criticize, but we do not want to decide policy and have soldiers go to war, businesses go under, and people lose jobs because of what we say. John Anderson ought to look for a politician to be his running mate, and the more experienced, the better.

Meanwhile, I want to confess to an error about the Democrats. I wrote two weeks ago that since Edward Kennedy can't win the Democratic nomination, he ought to think about getting out of the race so Carter isn't fatally weakened before the contest with Reagan. I still think Kennedy can't win, but there is a third possibility that I overlooked. It is that the Democratic convention might be so disturbed about Carter that it would revolt and choose, not Kennedy, but somebody else. Walter Mondale, perhaps. There once was a chance for Edmund Muskie, but he took the easy way out. Or, possibly, Henry Jackson. If Henry Jackson were to announce tomorrow: "Friends, I'm available." And if he were to promise to name either Mondale or Kennedy as his running mate, thereby uniting the party. . . . Well, some interesting things might happen at the Democratic convention. Considering Carter's lead, it would be a long shot, but it's reason enough for Kennedy to stay in the race.

M.M.K.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



RECEIVED
MAY 9 '80
BALDWIN-WALLACE COLLEGE
RITTER LIBRARY

"In the last year or so, Gulf Oil has spent about $250 million to protect the environment around Gulf drilling rigs, mines and refineries," says Manuel Andino, Gulf's Utilities Director at San Juan, Puerto Rico.

"If any oil gets into the water, the Bay Skimmer can pick it up fast."

"But I'd say the Bay Skimmer was one of their best investments: $200,000 for a seagoing vacuum cleaner for San Juan Harbor.

"We've had a refinery here for 25 years. About 15 million barrels of Gulf crude oil and refined products pass through this port each year.

"That's a lot of oil, and if *any* of it gets into the water, the Bay Skimmer can pick it up fast. It was tailor-made for this job. We can go right through an oil slick, and a big belt in the bow simply lifts the oil off the water.

"The Bay Skimmer is just one detail in Gulf's overall investment in protecting the environment while keeping the oil flowing. Responsible energy management is a big challenge. It's expensive and it's complex. But it's a job worth doing, and I think we're doing it right."

Gulf

Gulf people: energy for tomorrow.

Gulf Oil Corporation

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED